"MODERN MAN," NOVEMBER 30th, 1912.

"SIN" By Marie Connor Leighton, JUST STARTED.

Modern Man

A WEEKLY NEWSPAPER OF GENERAL INTEREST.

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Modern Man

No. 213. Week ending November 30. One Penny.

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Notice to Contributors.—The Editor is at all times ready to consider good topical articles and short stories (not to exceed 1,500 words), which must be legibly written or typed, on one side of the paper only, and must be accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope for return in case of rejection. The Editor does not hold himself responsible for the accidental loss of any contribution submitted on approval. Contributions will be paid for on publication, at our usual rates.

PLAIN SPEAKING.

We shall be pleased to receive from readers in any part of the country information regarding local affairs or newspaper cuttings on matters of topical interest, suitable to deal with under this heading.

With newspaper cuttings the title heading of the paper must be enclosed, and where written matter is sent it must be accompanied by proof that it is authentic.

What is at the Bottom of the Hill?

It is generally admitted—even by the Liberal Party—that the Government is in a none too happy position. It is the fate of every reformer, however well meaning, to encounter considerable opposition; and the Liberal Party's innovations of late years have been of a very sweeping character.

Just now the Unionist Party is more efficiently organised than it has been for a long time; and our front page cartoon forms a witty and good-humoured summing-up of the present situation. What is at the bottom of the hill?

* * *

Special Law for the Rich.

We can quite understand the not inconsiderable public indignation that prevails over the modern custom of magistrates in dealing leniently with wealthy criminal offenders and harshly with misdemeanants of the working classes. Here is another case. At Northampton a fashionably dressed married woman, a resident in one of the best residential districts of the town, was charged with stealing dress materials and crochet lace, valued at between £3 and £4, from a local firm of dressmakers.

The main line of defence was that the prisoner was of good connections and had no particular object for the theft. Counsel representing her suggested that she should be bound over on probation—and this was done in the offender's own recognisances of £100, with two sureties of £50 each. Now, here is what we have no hesitation in describing a most inequitable proceeding. The woman in question had committed a theft. Why, then, should she not suffer the penalty of her action? Suppose a charwoman had done the same thing. She would unfailingly have served a term of imprisonment. No further proof is needed that there is at present in England one law for the poor and another for the rich—a damnable state of affairs which must not be allowed to continue.

* * *

The False Philosophy of Despair.

"By eternal laws,
With iron will, must all fulfil.
The cycle of their destiny"—

quoted an unhappy man in a letter addressed to the Coroner just before its writer committed suicide. There is far too much of this miserable "philosophy" of despair. There is no such thing as a "cycle" of uncontrollable "destiny," and an "iron will" is a human attribute.

* * *

Rowdyism of Medical Students.

The proprietor of a shop in Edinburgh exposed in his window a representation of vivisectional practices—which he had a perfect right to do, whether such practices are justifiable or unjustifiable. Five hundred medical students made a premediated and organised raid on his premises, and effected a complete wreck.

All were armed with stout sticks, which were freely used. Such savagery was displayed that it is difficult to avoid the conclusion that these embryo medical men regarded the exhibitor as a quack, an unqualified practitioner, and went for him "as sich."

Has the Medical Council any medals to distribute for conspicuous bravery? There were only 500 to smash up the whole shop, and even when they fought the police they were only five to one.

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Barbers and "Modern Man."

The evil of female competition in the City is felt even by the barbers now. "It brings the tears to my eyes," complains one of them to a daily contemporary, "to see the throngs of young women pouring into work who never want a shave!"

The Shops Act, by compulsion of which the City shavers have to cease shaving at mid-day on Saturdays, must have deprived them of a lot of work, for Saturday afternoon, after early office closing, used to be the busiest time in all the week. Then again "the safety razor did us a lot of harm," says the deponent we have already quoted; "because so many men shave themselves now."

They certainly do—with the handsome and efficient outfit of which *Modern Man* makes them a present.

* * *

Human Credulity.

There is a strong family likeness, after all, in the methods of the old-fashioned fortune-tellers of the gipsy type and those of the new-fashioned diviners who were lately so prosperous in the West End. They all adopt a sort of graduated scale in their swindles, one demand being followed by a higher.

The Chief Constable of Wigan tells a story which he unnecessarily describes as almost incredible—if any story of human credulity can be incredible. His statement is against an elderly gipsy who is alleged to have called on a woman in a small way of business to make the interesting announcement, "There's a lot of property coming to you. If you give me half-a-crown I will see if it will sink."

The half-crown, handed over, was reported next day to be unsinkable—and so was the sum of five shillings. Then ten shillings was obtained, and then larger amounts still. When the gipsy had, according to the evidence reported, scooped in £9 10s., she defined the coming fortune as consisting of 17 houses.

With more donations, the property appears to have gone on increasing, and a letter purporting to come from a London solicitor declared "We have taken it out of Chancery." The London solicitor ended his communication by sending his love to its recipient.

Students of human gullibility should follow this case to its close.

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Historic Shooting-Box.

Lord and Lady St. Oswald, who have been giving a shooting party at Nostell Priory, Yorkshire, are fortunate in that they are able to entertain their guests in a building of extreme historic interest. Nostell was in the old days a real priory—a monastery of Augustinian canons. Some of the ancient canons' books are still preserved in the library; and are of extreme historical value. More recent association couples Nostell with Chippendale, who was estate carpenter there at one time. A treasured relic of him remains in the Priory in the form of a doll's house full of exquisite miniature Chippendale work.

Another remarkable characteristic of Nostell Priory is that, although it is so close to a colliery district, good sport is always obtainable. So close, indeed, is the industrial centre, that Lord St. Oswald can look out of the Priory windows and see the smoking chimneys of the colliery from which his income is derived.

HURRY UP WITH YOUR FIRSTS AND LASTS COUPONS.

THE SHADOW ON THE WALL.

PLAYING WITH FIRE.

(Flirting with married women is a dangerous game.)

Criminal Lunatics.

In the presence, as it were, of the two murdered girl-children in one of the suburbs of Rotherham, one realises how low humanity can sink, to what abysmal depths of depravity it can fall. On the not unreasonable supposition that this ghastly deed was the work of a homicidal maniac, one's reflection presses itself home with painful intensity.

In the case of convicted prisoners of unsound mind, no evidence of recovery should in any circumstances be accepted. "During his Majesty's pleasure" should invariably mean life-long confinement and constraint. Release should be always impossible, even in thought. The fact that criminal lunatics are sometimes set free on the delusive assurance of their mental recovery accounts, in our opinion, and in that of a learned judge who recently expressed himself on the subject in strong language, for some of the worst outrages that from time to time shock the whole country—particularly those that denote a perversion of sexual instinct.

Even if the temporary recovery of "minds diseased" could ever be really proved, the danger of relapse is always imminent and never obviable.

* * *

A Hardy Annual.

How is it that the confidence trick, after all the exposures of it, still finds frequent victims? When that mystery is explained, some light may be thrown on another one—how is it that Slate Clubs, run on the same old rotten lines as ever, still flourish?

As regularly as the approach of Christmas, accounts always come of defaulting money-lenders, who clear out just before they ought to share out. The first case for this year has just been reported, sharp to time; in fact, a little before it. The others will all come along within the next few weeks. The Slate Club swindler is a hardy annual.

* * *

Dupes of "Divination."

Clairvoyants and palmists find their dupes everywhere, even in canny Scotland. A lady professor of "occult" arts pleaded guilty at the Glasgow Criminal Court to the charge of obtaining a gold cross and a gold-mounted tiger's claw from one client, and a gold ring from another, on the false pretence that their temporary possession would facilitate her divinations.

A rather ingenious plea of extenuating circumstances was put up on the prisoner's behalf, but the Judge was enough of a clairvoyant himself to see through it, and gave her nine months.

Wedding Wisdom.

An innovation was introduced at the wedding of Mlle. Jeanne Provost, the well-known French actress, whose wedding ring was of platinum instead of gold.

Weddings rings are costly things;
No brass—or aught of that—in 'em.
But from France we hear a new idea—
Such rings composed of platinum.

But wedding gifts are still the same.
Both brides and grooms are hatin' 'em.
Should they be jugs or baby-mugs,
You still can bet there's plate in 'em!

* * *

Pauper's Daily Bread.

A very pleasing little incident is reported from the Romford Workhouse, where formerly the inmates received their bread in fixed and weighed quantities. For this system a free bread table was substituted three years ago, from which all could help themselves unchecked. Instead of this concession being abused, as some of the Guardians prognosticated would be the case, it has resulted in a clear saving to the ratepayers of just over £100 a year.

* * *

A valet has been made to pay £25 for breach of promise to a lady's maid whom he addressed in a letter as "She Devil." But perhaps he thinks a "pony" is cheap for release from one who might have become a "grey mare."

* * *

The Path to Immorality.

A correspondent argues with considerable force that the real causes of the evil of immorality are artificial, and due to social maladjustments. One cause, he urges, is the preponderance of the female population, due largely or chiefly to the emigration of men; another is the prohibition of marriage to soldiers, sailors and others in official service.

He points also to the low rate of wages generally, made lower by the increasing competition of women in so many industries—on which we have ourselves had a good deal to say. He blames, further, the aversion to marriage fostered by women in their crazy demand to lead "independent" lives.

Finally, he criticises the social impediments to the formation of acquaintanceships between young people of the two sexes.

FOR THE WINNER OF OUR FOOTBALL MONEY SEE PAGE 1613.

Sir Joseph Beecham is going to stage at the Aldwych Theatre a play called "The Price." May we humbly suggest that boxes should be a guinea?

* * *

"Murderous Motor Drivers."

We are glad to see that our contention that drunken or deliberately careless motor-drivers should go to gaol has been significantly supported by a London magistrate. Mr. Paul Taylor, at Marylebone, had before him the other day a taxi-driver, called Smithers, charged with being drunk during his employment in the Finchley Road. It was stated that he drove into the back of a motor-'bus, and admitted that he had had a drink, but was capable of driving the cab. Why, then, did he collide with the 'bus—which, mark you, was in front of him?

In our opinion, his sentence of one month's imprisonment without the option of a fine, and the suspension of his license for two months, was, although severe, fully justified. Let us hope it will be an example to others of his kidney, who with deliberate recklessness threaten lives far more valuable than theirs.

* * *

Noble Anti-Suffragist.

The Duke of Norfolk, England's famous Catholic peer, is a man of many parts. Traveller, yachtsman, man of affairs, politician, all manner of issues, grave and gay, are dealt with by him with equal ease. And we now see him as a firm opponent of Women's Suffrage. At a big meeting held at Sheffield, of which town His Grace was Mayor during the year 1895-6, the Duke of Norfolk made a noteworthy pronouncement. Said he: "It is sometimes urged that the methods adopted by some of the Suffragists to obtain the vote will be abandoned as soon as the franchise is granted, but if women were in possession of the power to carry their views into law, and were able to say 'This very power we possess we obtained by bullying our countrymen into acquiescence,' it is not certain that they will again resort to the same measures when they have other objects in view?"

Even the rabidest democrats will be forced to admit that you get good sense, even from a peer sometimes.

* * *

Alas for the decline of Monarchy! Ten life-sized plaster statues of kings and queens were sold for £2 2s. at the Mystery House, at Chelsea.

* * *

Innocent Man's Conviction.

It is with extreme displeasure that we view the case of George Harold Williams, a private in the Army Service Corps, who has been the victim of a grave miscarriage of justice.

Some time ago he was sentenced to six months' hard labour on a charge of stealing a fellow-soldier's goods. After he had served his sentence, his case was taken up by the officers of his regiment, whereby it was proved that another man committed the theft. G. H. Williams then appealed to the Court of Criminal Appeal, against his conviction and sentence. The conviction was then duly quashed.

This is all very well and good—or we prefer to call it very ill and bad. We say plainly that the mere "quashing" of a conviction is not good enough; and we demand to know what reparation is to be made to a totally innocent man, for making him undergo an unmerited and monstrous sentence. If the Government have human blood in their veins, the compensation should take no unmistakable form. Meanwhile too much publicity cannot be given to this disgraceful case.

* * *

"University Intelligence," runs a headline in a daily paper. It is reassuring, in view of the statements made in many quarters that there is no such thing!

* * *

Indomitable Soldier Sportsman

Lord Harlech, who is giving a shooting party at his seat Glyn Hall, Merionethshire, numbers among his guests one whose love of sport is matched only by his ingenuity. This is Captain Kirby, who was shot through the spine during the South African War, and cannot walk. He has, however, hit on the idea of being dragged about in a small pony cart, firing from this, and failing very rarely to bring down his bird.

Indeed, the vehicle affords him chances of dealing with overhead shots perhaps more conveniently than his companions who have the full use of their limbs.

We learn from a daily paper that the stars are being numbered at Greenwich. The V.A.F. wants to know why no mention is made of the stellar luminaries at present being numbered on the music-hall programmes.

* * *

Royalty and the Knitting Needle.

The London Needlework Guild, which will shortly distribute 60,230 gifts of clothing among the sick and poor in various places in London, possesses Royal patrons who obviously believe in practical work. Queen Mary has contributed six woollen petticoats; Princess Mary two "cross-overs," one "puzzle-jacket" (known as a "hug-me-tight") one comforter, nine hoods, and one pair of mittens; Princess Victoria, some children's jackets, and Prince George, a number of woollen scarves. In each case, the garments have been made by the Royal donors.

Excellent! However, though we recognise to the full the essentially deserving object of the work, we hardly like the idea of Prince George being set the essentially feminine task of knitting.

True, he is only ten years old or so; but he is a boy; and we plead guilty to the old-fashioned idea that a boy should be trained in boyish pursuits, and should not be allowed to soften himself with girlish ones.

* * *

A correspondent to a daily suggests "The Barometer" as a new name for Mr. Hammerstein's ill-fated Opera House. Is this to signify that it is used to getting the knock?

* * *

Humanity in Marylebone.

Boards of Guardians are not notoriously humane—we have not forgotten one which abolished the customary glass of beer for the old men on Christmas Day last year—and it is pleasing to see that the Marylebone Guardians are kindlier than most. Whereas now, only three old married couples live together in the workhouse, the board has agreed to incur a large expenditure in order to provide special quarters so that ten old couples may live together there.

It has always distressed us to think that aged husbands and wives, whose fondness for each other has grown year by year, should be forced to live their last few years alone; and the St. Marylebone Guardians have set an example of humanity, which we trust will be speedily followed all over the country.

* * *

An Appeal for the Children.

In "Plain Speaking" in a recent number of *Modern Man* a suggestion was thrown out to the War Office that the county schools should be used after school hours by the Territorials—"where the scholars play let soldiers drill."

A truly laudable suggestion, writes P.J., but at present not only are the schools closed to the "Terriers," but the use of the playgrounds are even forbidden the children.

As soon as the Head Teacher leaves the school, usually between 4 and 4.30 o'clock, the caretaker appears, and children get their quick marching orders "clear out and get off . . . e."

Why cannot the school playgrounds, with their open sheds for use in wet weather, be kept open after school hours until dusk each evening, and all day Saturday, and even Sundays also? Reason echoes—Why? but the "People's Representatives" say No! and it is so.

The writer some years ago was present when this matter was brought before a public authority, and the arguments used against the use of the playground were:—The careaker would object; the windows would be broken; the children would come to harm without someone to look after them—what flimsy excuses! These could easily be got over. If the caretaker objects, get another who does not; if the windows get broken, get wire guards placed in front of them; if the children must have someone to look after them, tell off a policeman to walk by ocasionally, and keep on eye on them; but remember, they play at present in the streets without supervision.

How much longer will the Educational Authorities ignore their obvious duty by the children, and refuse to allow the children the full use of the playgrounds? Until the parents make known their wishes at the polls! Let the fathers see to it that the men who are elected are in favour of this long overdue reform.

If this fails, let them petition the Board of Education, asking for an order that the children be allowed the use of the playgrounds, not as a favour, but as a right, not forgetting to mention that they have paid for that which they require the use of.

* * *

Well-Known Hunting Parson.

One of the keenest followers of hounds, and one of the oldest active participants in this great sport, has been lost to fox-hunting by the death, through an accident in the field, of the Rev. Charles Slingsby, when following the York and Ainstey Hounds. Mr. Slingsby, who was the brother of Sir George Lambart Atkinson-Willes, was within four days of seventy years of age. It was in taking a jump that his horse caught the top-binder with his forefeet, and pecking badly, brought its rider down heavily on his head.

Mr. Slingsby always rode quite up to hounds; and on this occasion had been going like a young man. May the kindly earth rest lightly on him. England has too few of fine sporting clergymen such as he.

THERE IS FUN IN OUR FREE NICE PLACE POSTCARDS.

We have a fear that in their own covert, sly, sneaking, underhanded way, Mormon missionaries in this country are meeting with more success than is generally suspected to be the case.

Convicted at Gloucester on a charge of three separate offences of improper conduct with intent to insult females, and sentenced to imprisonment in each case, one of these beauties showed that for months he and a companion had been "tracting" among the villages of the county—that is, spreading the poison of Mormonism by specious misrepresentations of its true character.

We claim that we have justified up to the hilt, and over it, our contention that Mormon missionaries at present in our country should be packed off out of it, and no successors be permitted to land. Each is a microcosm of moral corruption.

* * *

Weak and Wicked Sentences.

It is painful to have to refer to two cases at the Old Bailey in which parents were charged with White Slave offences in connection with their own daughters.

A father was found guilty of having encouraged his girl of 15 to lead an immoral life. It was shown that he had taken her round himself, and waited for her outside the shops she entered on the pretence of selling oranges and lemons, taking money from her when she rejoined him.

Anything more sickening than the proved facts can scarcely be imagined. What was the Common Serjeant thinking of to pass the wickedly inadequate sentence of four months' hard labour?

In the other case a German woman was convicted of procuring her two daughters, of 17 and 16, whom she had caused to go on the streets for two years. "A very bad case," remarked the Common Serjeant (Sir Albert Bosanquet, K.C.). Then why in the name of consistency did he let this female beast off with nine months?

* * *

Endorsing a Claim.

The National Reserve idea has "caught on," and reached a certain stage of success and stability. It cannot remain stationary at this stage. Satisfaction with what has been already achieved would be fatal.

It is in dissatisfaction that the germs of development are to be found, and without development very little practical good will have been done. The movement must either go on or fall back.

The Government is making the old silly blunder—the criminal blunder—of letting willing and waiting material go to waste. The National Reserves have fully justified their existence, and their claim for more serious consideration in high places.

Modern Man has supported them from the falling-in of the first squad, and now endorses every claim that is being put forward on their behalf. Let a uniform support the badge; put arms in the hands of these men who know already how to use arms; give them the facilities they ask for for keeping themselves efficient in modern drill and modern tactics.

* * *

A Birching Baronet.

Sir John Bingham makes good his contention that the birch is better than the cat. It is satisfactory to learn (otherwise than from personal experience) that the birch is the more painful of the two implements, although it can be inflicted without the danger of permanent injury inseparable from more than a few strokes of the cat,

This being so, as regards the latter fact, the birch can be safely applied to the same back periodically during a term of incarceration.

We are thinking especially of White Slave traffickers when we reflect, with much gratification, that, if the birch be used, and at regulated intervals, the physical pain of the first taste will be followed by the mental pain of anticipating the doses to follow. We are whole-hearted in our advocacy of "Flogging for Bullies."

* * *

Tally Ho!

Hunting is now getting into full swing, and we hear with regret of the repetition of a good many of the stories that have been too rife during recent seasons about the traffic in foxes, and the theft of litters for sale. This new-fangled fox trade is causing a lot of bad feeling between hunting men and shooting men and poultry men. The two latter are apt to accuse hunting men of importing cubs brought up by hand, these being indisputably greater poultry eaters than wild foxes proper. Hunting men, on the other hand, suspect their suspectors of killing off the litters that have been stolen for sale.

All this is very bad, and we hope to hear less of it. Fox hunting is a national sport in which, directly or indirectly, the interests of almost every class are concerned, though many people in some classes don't know it. The decay of fox hunting would be a national misfortune.

TRAVESTIED PLAY TITLE:
"THE BAD GIRL OF THE FAMILY."

* * *

Echo of Edalji Case.

Recollections of the unmerited sufferings of poor Edalji are revived by the evidence in the case of Archibald Brownhill, the Sutton Coldfield postcard libeller—whose opportunities of writing anything to anybody will be few and far between for the next two years.

The Chief Constable of Staffordshire, Captain the Hon. G. Anson, said that for the last nine years he had been receiving cards bearing the signature of "G. H. Darby, captain of the Wyrley Gang"—the perpetrators of the infamous South Staffordshire horse-maiming atrocities. "What do you say as to the handwriting of these libellous cards?" Capt. Anson was asked of the cards that formed the subject of the charge on which Brownhill was convicted. "Do they correspond with the cards you have received from the Wyrley Gang?" "They are in exactly the same handwriting," was the reply.

There is surely some hope in the clue that is thus in the hands of the police. It is not enough that Edalji was shown to be innocent. It is up to the authorities to convict the guilty.

* * *

"Blanketing" on the Highway.

There is much rivalry between motor-'buses and trams in certain Metropolitan districts; and the system which is known as "blanketing" came before the Lambeth magistrate last week when a motor-'bus driver, John Richard Scower, was fined 20s. and costs for wilfully obstructing an L.C.C. car.

It was stated that by driving slowly in front of the tram in Kennington Road, the motor-'bus driver made it four or five minutes late at Kennington Gate. The remarks of the magistrate are worthy of note:—

"There is no doubt that this was part of what you would call the war. You must have done this deliberately. . . . It is absurd to talk of the tram hemming in a motor-'bus along Kennington Road. The trams have to keep to the track; you can go all over the road."

Hear, hear! The methods of the controlling body of the motor-'buses are dealt with on another page; and we regard the magistrate's words as especially applicable to the case in point.

THE AUTHOR OF "CONVICT 99" IS BOUND TO FASCINATE YOU

THE BROKEN SILENCE.

Mrs. Seddon and Her Recent Confession.

What has this much talked about statement by Mrs. Seddon-Cameron done? Has it settled and relieved the consciences of thousands of members of the public?

Read what the woman whom the hangman made a widow has had to say:

"Mrs. Seddon spoke quietly. . . . Now and again, as she talked and bent over Seddon's youngest child lying asleep in her arms, her eyes filled with tears. 'You understand?' she said. . . . 'She'll grow up one day and go out into the world, and people will say "She's the child of a murderer." That's what I fought against. When a woman is a mother what is she to do? Why, fight for her children—and I fought for them. I know that in fighting I shielded Seddon, but it was not for love of him.'"

How does this mother "fight" for those same children now, by the publication of a statement intended to destroy for ever all or any doubt of their father's guilt? She says she "shielded" Seddon. Had she not also herself to think of, for were the couple not tried together?

What can be the real motive behind the recent revelation? If the motive be to excite sympathy, the move appears to us to have been a mistaken one.

Anonymous Charges.

"Mrs. Seddon," we are asked to believe, "has been moved to tell the truth about the tragedy, owing to the cruel charges, veiled and anonymous, which are again being levelled against her. . . . Thousands of people were of opinion at the time that she knew more than she disclosed at the trial, despite her protestations of innocence, and there are still many people who hold that view. . . . Her greatest wish has been to efface her identity, but the memory of the murder dies hard, and now she is being persecuted by allegations that she assisted Seddon to commit the crime."

It is certainly now placed beyond all question that she did know more than she disclosed at the trial, but as to the allegation that she "assisted Seddon to commit the crime," no thought of the kind finds any lodgment in our mind. Regarding persecution by anonymous and other charges, we note that Mrs. Seddon gives the precise address to which they may still be directed—the address at which she and her new husband are "doing their best to build up a little business."

The phrase sets us thinking. Various things go to the building up of little businesses.

IN THE STOCKS, No. 13: MRS. SEDDON.

HIRE-PURCHASE VULTURES.

Ramifications of the Furniture-Mongering Fraud.

The money-lending shark is by no means the only secret partner with whom the fraudulent furniture-monger has a working agreement. In the course of the investigations we have independently conducted, evidence has accumulated that he is often in league with unscrupulous house-agents.

First on the Scene.

So far as the victim is concerned, the house-agent appears on the scene first, having advanced under cover of a specious advertisement, according to which an assured income and a probable fortune await the lucky purchasers of the lease, furniture and good-will of a prosperous boarding-house in the market in exceptional circumstances. This advertisement has, as it was intended to have, a special appeal to ladies in search of an investment, with congenial occupation.

Once in personal touch with an applicant of this class, the agent appears to justify the glowing terms of his published announcement. He takes her to a house full of bogus guests and glue-pot furniture. Like the furniture, books and accounts are cleverly faked. Appearances being what they are, the price asked, stiff as it is, cannot be called extortionate—and a portion can remain to be paid off by instalments. This deferment of the payment of balance is often the clinching inducement, the victim being assured that the "profits" from which she is to draw the instalments are quite sufficient guarantee for the vendors.

Millstone Round the Neck.

The house once transferred and possession taken, ruin comes quickly. The bogus guests depart, and if—as is generally the case—the business has been "under management," the bogus manageress goes with them. She, as well as they, will be wanted for the same old fake somewhere else. The new lessee finds herself with a millstone round her neck. She cannot carry it for long, but sinks soon beneath its weight.

These are the methods referred to with greater circumstantiality in the letter we published last week from a lady-correspondent, who has since narrated to us very painful details of her own experiences.

Legislation Demanded.

There are still other ramifications of the furniture hire-purchase fraud little suspected by the public at large, but we have exposed more than sufficient to justify our contention that legislative interference is peremptorily demanded in the interest of large and many sections of the community.

We are entirely ready to concede that there is nothing essentially and inherently vicious in the hire-purchase idea. It might be worked equitably, and our columns are open for the publication of particulars of instances where it has been worked equitably.

We do not assert that all firms trading on the system resort to the swindling dodges that have wrecked so many homes and ruined so many struggling people.

But what is glaringly patent is that the system lends itself to easy and lucrative fraud. However, it might be worked in general practice; what we are concerned with is the manner in which it is worked. It is for all those who may be working it honestly to stand by us in our demand for action against the thieves and rogues who, beyond any possibility of doubt, are methodically working it dishonestly.

No Cumbrous Act Necessary.

We formulate a simple remedy for the arrest of the worst development of the evil. Let the power of repossession in the case of non-payment of any overdue instalment be no longer unconditional, but strictly and severely conditional. Instead of the defaulter forfeiting all that he has paid, let him be entitled to the return of all, less some such reasonable percentage as, say, 25 per cent.

No agreement should be valid that did not provide this safeguard for the hire-purchaser.

No cumbrous Act would be required to make this condition a law—a few lines would suffice, the Pawnbrokers Act supplying a precedent so far as the principle involved. Our proposal is simplicity itself—but it would effectually clip the claws and blunt the beak of the furniture vulture.

£250 IS WAITING TO BE WON FOR FOOTBALL RESULTS.

OTHER PEOPLE'S INDISCRETIONS.

Perhaps Mr. Winston Churchill might do worse than make a few inquiries regarding the condition—and cost—of certain rations and other stores that are being served out to the Navy. Otherwise we do not think it at all unlikely that there may be serious trouble before long.

* * *

Who was the dandified *vieux beau* who recently entered a very swagger ladies' outfitter's establishment in Regent Street, and ordered various costly articles of intimate feminine adornment to be sent to an actress of the younger school, at an obscure address at Hammersmith?

* * *

Why does the wife of a fairly flourishing consulting surgeon in the South Hampstead district object so strongly to the frequency with which a certain lady visits her husband's surgery?

* * *

We have an idea that it might be a revelation to one of our Hebraic banking magnates if he took a glance at the counterfoils of his eldest hopeful's cheque-book.

* * *

Why is it that so many "gay" damsels in the West End take so keen an interest in the policemen's waterproof capes, left folded up on railings, in embrasures on walls, and elsewhere? And what is the average sum of money which they leave every night pushed into the folds of the garments in question?

* * *

And we should like to ask whether, in view of the present interest being vouchsafed for the "White Slave Traffic," the authorities might not make some inquiries into this particular matter.

* * *

Who was the well-dressed man in evening dress who kept on staggering unsteadily round and round Eccleston Square for about twenty minutes in the small hours of last Thursday morning, and subsequently entered one of the houses in that thoroughfare? And why did two or three constables so steadfastly refrain from taking any notice of him?

* * *

Does anybody know the name of the elderly philanthropist who sent off a large cheque the other day in assistance of what he thought was a "deserving case," and who subsequently found, to his disgust, that the begging-letter-writer was one of his own sons, who had got into a scrape, and had hit on this ingenious means of obtaining money from his parent, which would otherwise have been refused?

* * *

Why was it that a retired officer of His Majesty's Army was so clearly "cut" in the Haymarket the other evening by one of his quondam fellow-officers to whom, with his wife, the former had made an elaborate bow?

* * *

What was the row about in the leading man's dressing-room at a well-known theatre the other night? And why did that same leading man refuse to go on unless one of the men in the cast made an apology to him before the whole company? And how much did the harassed manager pay the other man in question to prevail upon him to do it?

* * *

How much longer are two degraded literary men to be allowed to continue secretly dispensing ultra-grubby novels, written by themselves, and printed on an illicit press in North London?

* * *

When are the police going to raid a notorious licensed-house close to Shaftesbury Avenue, where girls of the unfortunate class and their bullies congregate nightly, and where private rooms upstairs are the scene of all manner of quaint rites and ceremonies?

* * *

How much does the billiard-marker at a well-known West End hotel receive for introducing bad players with money to a certain skilled player without it?

* * *

We might mention in a perfectly benevolent spirit for the benefit of a couple who drove in a taxi along Coventry Street and Piccadilly the other night, that it is generally advisable to moderate one's amorous transports when passing so well-lighted a building as Lyon's Popular Café.

* * *

How long will it be before the widow of a quite recently deceased financier marries her late husband's private secretary?

"Hallo, are you there?"

* * *

Who is the popular music-hall comedian who leaves the halls at which he works, every night, by the front of the house? And is this in order to avoid the exceedingly bad-tempered elderly female who persistently inquires for him nightly at the various stage-doors?

* * *

Why is a certain West Kensington book-maker's business—once a flourishing one—now dwindling so woefully? Is it a fact that this is due to a recent revelation given in these columns, concerning his novel methods of conducting business?

* * *

Do not be alarmed if a well-known actress is shortly fired at—but not hurt—while on the stage at a West End theatre, and her unknown assailant escapes. We have reason to believe that a certain "leery" Press Agent is at work on the idea.

* * *

We wonder whether the good-natured man-about-town who recently wrote out a big cheque for another man-about-town would be rejoiced to know that the bulk of the money found its way into the hands of the generous lender's own wife?

* * *

Who was the clerical gentleman who was ejected late on one night last week, from a public-house close to Piccadilly Circus, in an intoxicated condition? He had lost his collar—and for his own sake we hope that it had not his name marked on it.

* * *

How much does the male cloak-room attendant at a big West End music-hall charge for the different varieties of drugs which he secretly dispenses to the *habitués* of the establishment?

* * *

What are the Richmond police doing, that they allow to pass unscathed an apparently respectable sweet-stuff shop there, where young girls are employed—but in the window of which messages are exhibited which have a double meaning, so obscenely disgusting as to be quite impossible of repetition?

* * *

At a certain South Coast port, famous for its enormous shipping traffic, there are more than a sprinkling of doubtful establishments, conducted by foreigners and patronised by seafaring men of every nationality. These are, with delicious effrontery, described as nursing houses. What kind of form does the "nursing" take, and how long are the police going to allow it to continue?

MANCHESTER READER WINS OUR FOOTBALL PRIZE.

THEATRE NOTES & NOTIONS.

What's On in Stageland.

Mr. Geo. Robey informs me that his rendering of the National Anthem on a hunting-horn in his new Robin Hood number (at the Manchester Hippodrome this week) "is not so much inspired by patriotic motives as a desire to show the orchestra how well appreciated is a truly novel instrumental effect!" My hat, you should hear it!!!

* * *

It has been widely reported that Mr. Eugene Stratton is to be responsible for a lion's share in the actual presentation of the forthcoming minstrel show at the Palladium.

I am, however, in possession of information which enables me to assure you that Mr. Stratton will *not* be in any way interested.

Rather a pity, as this particular venture is going to be a bigger and more successful feature that is at present manifest to most of us.

The fact that Mr. Eustace Gray is solely responsible for the whole production is quite sufficient guarantee that it will be rather more worth while than the usual run of Christmas attractions.

* * *

I was asked to attend at the Mile End Empire last week on the occasion of the presentation of a play by "Carmen Sylva," which is the nom-de-plume of the Queen of Roumania. As this latter fact is by far the most interesting item appertaining to the production, I'll leave it at that!

* * *

There is a Norwegian nautical saw which tells us that an uncommonly bad night brings an earlier and brighter dawn than usual. So now we'll just wait for Mr. Butt's dawn following on this German-Venetian Night at the Palace, which public opinion will annihilate utterly in less than a fortnight if my judgment is not at fault.

* * *

Mr. Tozer, secretary to the variety syndicate of which the Chelsea Palace is the hub, in the course of his successful opposition to Mr. Stoll's Fulham Empire project, was good enough to quote from my column in last week's *Modern Man*, re the reason for the sudden access of the salacious Continental turn. This comprised the main theme of his objections, which were upheld for another year.

Nevertheless, my money is on Stoll's chance next licensing session!

W. CHILTON REECE.

* * *

CUR TURKEY NOTE: "The Star and the Crescent."

SAMMY AND THE "TOOBES."

Plea for a Chat with our Readers.

The following reached *Modern Man* a few days ago from a Londoner, signing himself "Loving Sammy," and it was accompanied by a note stating "As I have nothing to do—at least nothing that can't be left over till to-morrow, I sit down to tell your readers, if I may, about 'Toobes.'"

Having decided to let you hear what "Sammy" has to say, here it is:

"Toobes" is spelt tubes, but Yankees call them "toobes." As you know, Yankees are people that come over here from America in summer. They are supposed to talk through their noses, and are supposed to be very, very rich, but they swank a lot and don't spend much money. Well, about "toobes."

Our bodies are full of "toobes," and so is London. London has "toobes" for gas, water, electricity, people, and parcels, and there is talk of having "toobes" for funerals, because the motor 'buses dash about in streets so wildly now, that even a funeral is not safe.

A taxi man ran into a funeral last Wednesday, and told the magistrate that he was in a hurry and the other fellow was not, but the magistrate said that was no excuse, and Lloyd-Georged him 40s. and costs.

The "toobes" for people are now all over the place, or rather all under the place. Some of them are 120 feet under the street, some of them nearer. The air in them is very bad, and it makes the conductors and ticket people and stationmasters cross. One "toobe" called the "Tuppenny" now pumps ozone into the station, and along the "toobe." This is very refreshing, and a man on the Stock Exchange says when he feels tired he takes a penny ticket, goes down to the Bank Station on the Tuppenny, and stands with his mouth to the hole where the fresh air is pumped in, and after a couple of minutes he feels as fresh as if he had been the week-end at Brighton.

Another "toobe" is called the Piccadilly, but it goes to other places as well. It has seats very narrow, so that any big person has to sit on some smaller person's knee.

This is all right for people who like company, but other people think there ought to be more room to be comfortable. The Piccadilly "toobe" has a lot of electric lamps in each carriage, but they burn dim—dimmer than the lamps in other "toobe" carriages. I don't know why this is, whether the lamps are nearly worn out, or because the Piccadilly people like dark carriages.

You have to be very spry in getting in and out of trains in the "toobes." The train only stops six or eight seconds. Some people think they stop a half-minute, but that is not so. This gives three to four seconds for one lot to get out and three to four seconds for the other lot to get in. So if you don't look sharp, you get taken on to some place you don't want to go, and where you haven't paid to go to, and then the "toobe" people are glad to see you because they're cross, and like to let out at somebody.

The "toobe" trains run by electricity, and the drivers are cross, and want more wages, so they start the trains with a jump, and stop them with a dunt. This means that when the people have only four seconds from their seat to the platform, they have to be on their feet before the train stops; then when the "dunt" comes they fall over each other. The Piccadilly people think this is all right, but other people get tired of it.

Nights and mornings the "toobe" trains are overcrowded, and half the passengers have to stand. The "toobes" provide hundreds of leather handles for these people to hold on by. If they did not, half the passengers would be on the floor after the first jump and "dunt." Some people are unfortunate, and never get a seat in a "toobe" train, and they get into the habit of standing and holding on to the leather handles, but they must be careful not to use a handle if there is a seat anywhere. A short time ago a short-sighted man used a handle when there was a seat with no one in it. He was told there was a seat, but said he had always been used to stand, and he would rather stand. The "toobe" man was cross, called down a policeman, and gave him in charge for "disorderly conduct." This seems too silly to be true, but I read about it in that little big paper than sends all the newspaper men out to foreign countries to tell the different kings and emperors when to start the battles. You know the one I mean. I forget what name it calls itself. It only costs a ha'penny, and if some of the news in it never happened you must be fair, and remember that it might have happened, and you have got a good ha'porth anyhow.

The "toobe" trains are a long way down in the earth, and you can either go down to them by winding stairs or there is a square box with a rope at the end to let it down by. Most people are in a hurry or tired, and they go down in the box, so it is generally crowded. This is very handy for pickpockets, and they do very well in the "toobe" boxes.

You must not smoke in the boxes, and if you have a cigar going you must not carry it in your mouth. You must put it in your pocket. There is a "toobe" man in each box to stop it at the right place. He is always cross, and as soon as he has got the box started up or down, the first thing he does is to look round the box, and see if he can catch anybody smoking. If he can, then he's in clover. Poor man! this is the only fun he has except slamming the door of the box in the face of fat old men who don't step along quick enough.

One jokey man shouted out "no smoking allowed," but though he had a pipe in his mouth there was no tobacco in the pipe, and he shouted back, "I'm not smoking aloud. I'm smoking on the quiet," and everybody in the box laughed at the old joke, because it made "toobe" man crosser than ever.

NO NEED TO WORRY.

Now that the festive season is drawing near, the usual and perplexing problem becomes evident. "What shall I buy for a present?" If the intended recipient of the gift is a male, we on *Modern Man* are able to settle the question for you.

A useful, handsome present, at a moderate price, is The Improved Simplex Trouser Presser, and may be had from The Simplex Manufacturing Co., 53, Eccles Road, London, S.W. If you write to the firm and mention *Modern Man*, an illustrated list will be sent free.

EVERYBODY SHOULD GO IN FOR FIRSTS AND LASTS.

NO ENTRANCE FEE. OPEN TO ALL.

£250 FOR CORRECT RESULTS

GIGANTIC MONEY PRIZE FOR FOOTBALL SKILL.

Now is your opportunity to fill your purse for Christmas. Plenty of money is wanted during the festive season, and our Football Skill Competition will do it for you. Put your football knowledge to the test this week. Remember there is no entrance fee, and you can send in as many coupons as you like.

THE NAMES OF PRIZE WINNERS IN OUR NO. 3 FOOTBALL CONTEST APPEAR ON PAGE 1613.

To be successful in forecasting the results of matches one must be well acquainted with the various teams engaged, and also with the factors that make for success in a football match, such as whether a team is playing at home or away. A knowledge of the form and special abilities of the various members of the teams is also very necessary in making such a forecast. A number of handbooks are published, furnishing facts regarding past performances of clubs, but the best guide is the information published in the newspapers as to what clubs have done or have failed to do in the present season.

By intelligently studying the work done by the various teams one is able to gauge with marvellous accuracy the result of the match.

WHAT READERS HAVE TO DO:

On this page is given an entry form containing the names of football clubs engaged in matches in the First, Second and Southern Leagues on Saturday, November 30th, and for the prize of

£250

you have to draw a line in ink through the name of the club you forecast will *lose*. Where you predict a *draw* leave in names of both teams.

To the reader from whom we receive an entrance form showing the correct results of the matches given below we will award the sum of

£250

In the event of no set of forecasts received representing the whole of the correct results

£25

will be forwarded to the competitor whose effort is nearest to the correct result.

Entry forms must be filled up in ink; erasion or alterations will disqualify the form; and in the event of a tie or ties, the prize will be divided.

CONDITIONS GOVERNING THE COMPETITION.

(1) On the coupon appearing on this page you will find the names of teams playing in sixteen matches next Saturday, November 30. Cross out the names of the teams you predict will lose. Where you forecast a draw don't cross out either name.

(2) Having done this, fill in your name and address in space provided, cut out the entrance form and send it addressed to MODERN MAN, No. 5 Football Competition, Farringdon House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C. The entrance form must reach us not later than first post on Friday November 29. Any arriving later will be disqualified.

(3) Readers can send in as many coupons as they like. No employee of the firm can enter the competition.

(4) The prize of £250 will be awarded to the competitor whose Entry Form represents the correct solutions of all the matches played, but if the whole of the sixteen matches are not played the £250 prize will be reduced to one of £50.

(5) In the event of no Entrance Form containing all correct solutions, £25 will be awarded to the sender of the Entrance Form nearest to the correct result.

(6) In the event of a tie, or ties, in this Competition, the prize will be equally divided.

(7) No responsibility will be accepted by the Editor for the loss or non-delivery of any effort, and evidence of posting will not be accepted as evidence of receipt.

(8) No correspondence will be entered into in connection with the competition, neither will interviews be granted.

(9) Any coupon on which any alteration of any description has been made will be disqualified.

(10) Scottish readers who are domiciled in Scotland are precluded from entering this competition, and no coupon bearing a Scottish address can be accepted.

MODERN MAN FOOTBALL CONTEST.—No. 5.

Matches to be played on Saturday, November 30th. Cross out—in ink—the name of the team you forecast will *lose*. For a *draw* do not cross out either name.

BRADFORD CITY	v.	SHEFFIELD WEDNESDAY.
CHELSEA	v.	DERBY COUNTY.
LIVERPOOL	v.	ASTON VILLA.
NEWCASTLE UNITED	v.	MIDDLESBROUGH.
SHEFFIELD UNITED	v.	NOTTS COUNTY
WOOLWICH ARSENAL	v.	BLACKBURN.
BURNLEY	v.	BRADFORD.
CLAPTON ORIENT	v.	BURY.
HULL CITY	v.	BARNSLEY.
PRESTON NORTH END	v.	WOLVERHAMPTON
STOCKPORT COUNTY	v.	LEICESTER FOSSE.
COVENTRY CITY	v.	QUEEN'S PARK RANGERS.
MERTHYR TOWN	v.	GILLINGHAM.
PORTSMOUTH	v.	SWINDON.
SOUTHAMPTON	v.	STOKE.
WEST HAM UNITED	v.	MILLWALL.

I agree to abide by the conditions governing this Competition, and to accept as final the result published in *Modern Man*. I enter the Competition on this distinct understanding.

Signature .....

Address .....

YOU MAY SEND IN AS MANY COUPONS AS YOU LIKE.

SEE PAGE 1613 FOR NAME OF PRIZE WINNER.

GIRL'S PARIS REVELATIONS.

HIGH-SOULED ENGLISH WOMAN VOLUNTEERS HER STORY.

DISTRESSING DISCLOSURES.

Our campaign against the detestable lures by means of which hundreds of English girls are inveigled yearly to that Hell of all pretty maidenhood—Paris—is bearing speedy and excellent fruit. It is endorsed with enthusiasm in letters which have reached us from all parts of Europe; but the most encouraging from the view-point of our crusade was one which came from a London dressmaker one day last week. In it she made a pitiful confession:—

". . . I honour you for the good work you have taken in hand," she wrote. "Every word of your dreadful revelations is only too true, as I, alas, can testify! Paris is to me a word which stands for all that is evil and hateful. . . . God only knows what I have suffered there! . . . And now, Mr. Editor, I would like to come forward and tell my story, as some sort of expiation for the sins which I—though, Heaven knows, innocently enough—was induced to commit in Paris. I hope with all my heart that this may be the means of saving as many as possible of my innocent and helpless English sisters, should they ever find themselves in the deadly trap you have described, or beset by the dreadful temptations which faced me, when I found myself stranded—a young and pretty girl, then—in the cruel streets of the French capital. One favour alone I ask you in return. By the mercy of Providence, I was rescued . . . and returned to England, where a truly charitable lady procured employment for me in a small dressmaking establishment . . . This is now my sole means of support; and, lest I should lose it, I trust to your honour to respect the secrecy of my name and address . . ."

Left Unprovided For.

We wrote to this lady, asking if she would give an interview to our special Commissioner. She replied, expressing her willingness; and our Commissioner immediately called upon her. We give his story below.

"I found Miss ——— in a quiet little lodging-house in a quiet street at Islington. A pathetic figure, with the remains still apparent of what must once have been remarkable beauty, and with the light of a small fire shining upon hair of a silver glossiness, though she is still only thirty-three, she spoke in a voice of immeasurable sadness.

"'I was only seventeen when the tragedy of my life began to move swiftly upon me. My father, a commercial traveller, doing fairly good business, but spending almost every penny of his income, died suddenly, leaving my mother and myself—an only child—quite unprovided for. My poor mother bravely began to give music lessons, and I—having received a good education—started to look out for a situation as a governess. I saw an advertisement for an English governess to a little French girl of six years old; and on going to the agency was introduced to the child's father, a kindly-looking gentleman of about forty, whose appearance—young fool that I was!—quite reassured me. I learned that he was a widower, of a noble French family, and kept a considerable household of servants close to Paris.

Happy for Over a Year.

"'I went out there, and for over a year and a half was completely happy, teaching my little charge, a charming child to whom I soon became devoted, and regularly every week sending the greater part of my salary to my mother in England. I saw my employer, the Comte de ———, every day almost, for the little one and I used to take lunch with her father whenever he was at home, which he generally was.'"

"Miss ——— broke off here, and was silent for a while, crying quietly. Quickly, however, she dried her eyes.

"'Forgive me,' she said. 'It was at this period that the blow fell. My mother died—quite suddenly. I only heard the news after she had gone. The Comte was kindness itself, and gave me a week's leave for the funeral. I went back to my charge almost with relief, after leaving my native place, whence the only ones dear to me were already departed for ever. But on reaching the Château de ———, a terrible surprise awaited me! The Comte had sent his little daughter to a convent; but as soon as I got back, he called me to him.

Discovered Herself Helpless.

"'"Miss Mary," he said, softly. "How I pity you, alone in the great world, fatherless, motherless! Come to me! You must know that I love you—have always loved you. Let me be your protector—your husband! . . ."

"'I was only eighteen,' said Miss ——— 'and I was alone in the world. The Comte had always treated me kindly. I consented at last to be his wife—or so I thought. We went through what the Comte called a civil ceremony at a house, which I took to be a registrar's office—and then went to live with him at a flat which he had taken in Paris. And only a few months later he showed himself to me in all his terrible cruelty. Briefly he told me I was not married. The ceremony had been a false one. He was tired of me. I could go.

"'And so I found myself, homeless, helpless, hopeless—and nearly penniless, in the streets of Paris.

"Miss ———'s voice sank lower, and a note of shame crept into it. 'Then it was, in my despair, that I took the wrong course. With the few francs I had left, I rented a furnished *appartement*, and used to go out every night. I met men and women who soon showed me the ropes. I went to music-halls *cafés chantants*, vile places where poor girls are made to sing and dance, and afterwards to sell themselves to the highest bidder in the degraded audience. . . . One was a horrid, *horrid* place; I remember one girl who was offered 50 francs by a being who could not be called a man, if she would simply exhibit herself to the assembled spectators. She took the money—and did as she was requested. . . .

Arrested by the Police.

"'Then, one day, a knock came on my door. Two policemen—*agents de police*—stood outside. They had come to arrest me for having neglected to be *mise en carte*, i.e., to take out a license, a sort of ticket of leave.

"'I did a term of imprisonment, and came out broken in heart and soul. I had no money, no hope. So. . . . I drifted into one of those dreadful licensed houses you have described. . . . I was an inmate of various of the *gros numeros* for seven dreadful years! Oh, the unspeakable horror of it! I don't know what would have been my fate by now—probably the river Seine would have taken me, as it has taken so many others—but one day I'—Miss ———'s voice sank almost to a whisper—'I was found by a Londoner, who had known me in my youth. He persuaded me to return home, and got his mother to help me. . . .'"

"I felt," writes our commissioner, "That it was time to go; and I walked down the quiet London street with an earnest woman's last words ringing in my ears:—

"'Heaven save all English girls from the horror that surrounded me in the vilest city on the face of the earth!'"

£250 IS WAITING TO BE WON.

ATTACK IN A TRAIN.

Lady's Adventure While Travelling to the North.

To be forewarned is to be forearmed, and our determined action to impress upon our large body of regular readers and other members of the public the grave necessity of their using every effort in their power to protect our English girls against the manifold dangers besetting them, has moved many fathers and brothers to write expressing the sincere hope that our warnings will have the effect intended, and tendering thanks for our timely exposures.

Under the heading of "Flog the Beast" a resident in North Finchley ("W.T.M.") has written:—

To-day, both at home and abroad, there seems to be a greater necessity than ever for the safety of British girls being carefully watched. How often the remark is made at home: "She can't go alone, there are such nasty men about." But has it been analysed. Has its terrible meaning roused to a realisation of the peril in which our womenfolk are daily enveloped? I fear not.

We hear a good deal to-day of the White Slave Traffic. Some of our legislators favour the lash, and I applaud their remedial proposal.

But there is another phase of immorality in which the safety of our women is concerned.

London and the provinces are to-day seething with the beast who lurks in the streets, in the trams and in the trains, everywhere—in search of a victim.

One would not decide by his appearance that he is a common individual. "No," says the pure-minded woman and the innocent girl. "He must be a gentleman. He is good-looking, well groomed, his clothes are fashionably cut, he speaks as a man of education. In fact he is very nice until ——" Until he betrays his vile purpose.

Often a swell cadger, a waster of the deepest dye, he roams from morn till night, here, there, everywhere, searching for some unsuspecting girl, whose interest he may rouse by a pleasing smile, and whose acquaintance he may fraudulently gain with his glib tongue. She may be a stranger in the locality. All the better—for him. He knows by experience whether she is, or whether she is not, and, if the latter, he will volunteer his "aid." The girl is impressed by the "gentleman's kindness"—by his winning way. A meeting is arranged. And then—— the consequences are too awful to dwell upon.

But this Brute of Creation, this Serpent of Society, does not always play the waiting game. When opportunity favours he attempts to carry out his dastardly plan by sudden attack. Quite recently a young lady of my acquaintance was travelling from London to the North. She was alone in a compartment when the train started. At the first stop a man entered. He had all the appearances of a respectable member of society.

The train had not long left the station, however, before he seated himself alongside the lady, and attempted to place his arm around her. She was too nervous to scream, and feared that if she attempted to pull the communication cord he would treat her roughly. She managed to keep the coward at bay until the next station was reached, but before information could be laid the man had escaped.

This is not an isolated case. Such instances of savagery are occurring daily.

It is a terrible truth that here, in Christian England, our womenfolk are in constant peril of insult or assault by these immoral curs, whose methods have been so perfected by experience that they are able to get away unpunished.

Then it is up to you to take the law into your own hands. Do not wait until this human hawk has challenged the purity of one you love. Seek him, and when he has been found flog him. You will then rid our country of a monster of vice, and clear the highways and byways that our women and girls may go forth alone in peace.

REDUCED FARES.

In Norway a man and his wife, when travelling by train, get their two tickets for a fare and a half. Now here is a custom that might well be followed by our English Railway Companies. We hear on all sides that the number of people who get married nowadays is less than it used to be. The fact that a man and woman can travel cheaper if married than if unmarried may make many couples, who are "halting between two opinions," decide to take the fatal plunge, and enter into the holy state of matrimony.

The loss of money to the railway company by the reduction of fares will be more than compensated by the virtuous feeling that it has been in some way the means of increasing the number of married couples in England.

It is rather a delicate point as to which of the two—husband or wife—is charged half-fare by the railway company. Some women might feel indignant at the thought that they were considered of such small importance that they were charged for by the railway company at the same rate as children under fourteen!

* * *

A fine cock pheasant which flew into Melbourne Street, Royston, Herts, alighted in the roadway, and was promptly captured by a motor scout stationed close by.

Aha! Now let the Germans look out for themselves if they dare to invade us!

* * *

A Tooting man celebrated his 104th birthday last week. Another example of the health-giving properties of the flute.

THE GOLDEN WEDDING.

By A. G. Storm.

In Ward number 14 the hands of the clock indicated a minute to three, and patients were looking expectantly at the door

Punctually at the hour there arose a confused murmur of feet in the corridor outside, and a little throng of visitors entered. When the throng had sorted itself out it could be seen that a number of the bedsides were still empty. A few of the patients remained sitting erect, staring statuesquely at the door. And an old woman who could not see the door from where her head was lying, vainly attempted to raise herself up on one elbow.

A nurse approached and spoke to her kindly: "Don't do that; there's plenty of time;" and the strong, capable hands laid her in a prostrate position again.

Time stole on. The younger patients who were disappointed threw themselves down on their pillows, and in a few gave way to weeping. The old woman lay silent and uncomplaining, with the patience of age when the tear-springs are dry.

* * *

The old man who came at last sat down by the bedside and fell to mopping his brow. He had a bunch of blooms in his hand, which he laid on the bed as a sort of after thought.

"Was it gettin' these what made you so late?" she asked. "You could ha' saved yourself the trouble; they don't let us have them."

"Don't they now?" And as an answer to his surprised question a nurse came up and took them away. "I'll put them in water," she announced. "And that's the last I shall see of them," said the old woman.

The old man watched their disappearance with a stolid curiosity. He presently fell to mopping his brow again.

"And how are you gettin' along, William?"

"Pretty tidy I am. Don't you get frettin' yourself over me."

"You miss me, I expect. It won't be the same sort of Sunday evenin' for you nohow, without me to read the Book."

"It ain't quite the same, wife, I ain't a-goin to deny. But it can't be helped."

He watched her silently as she furtively stroked the pain in her breast, wet beads coming out on her skin so that the furrowed brow glistened.

"Rain's bin comin' down proper," he said, "in the last few days."

* * *

The fingers of the clock crept nearer and nearer to four. She presently looked at him with a soft dimness in her eyes.

"William! you know what to-morrow is?"

"Why, of course, I do, lass. You don't think I could ha' forgotten it?"

"Fifty years we bin together. Our golden-wedding day. God's been very good to us, Will. I wish—I do wish we could ha' bin together to-morrow."

"Don't get upset, lass. We'll keep it up as soon as you come out again."

"It wouldn't be the same. I suppose you couldn't get special permission, could you? I'd sort of set my heart on it."

"I dunno," he said doubtfully. "After all it ain't everybody as lives to have a golden-wedding day. But, of course, what's fair for one is fair for another."

"I bin prayin' for it," she whispered, and half closed her eyes.

Time went on.

"Them flowers," she murmured—"did you know, Will, as they were the sort as you give me on our wedding day?"

"Why, of course, I did, lass," he said, uncomfortably. "Of course I did." He coughed with much vigour, because his voice was husky.

A nurse, going by, announced that it was four o'clock.

Actuated by a strange and strong impulse, the old man obtained an interview with the house-surgeon, and returned to tell his wife that the desired permission had been granted. Into the grey withered cheeks came a faint tinge of colour, like faded rose petals, like the first flush of dawn. "I shall wait for 'ee," she whispered.

There was a screen round the bed when he arrived at eleven o'clock the next morning. He halted and looked dumbly at the nurse.

"Quite half an hour ago," she said briskly.

"SIN" MOST THRILLING STORY EVER WRITTEN. BEGIN NOW.

FOOTBALL FINANCE.

Swindon may have to Part with Players.

Most of us are aware that several of the League teams, particularly those in the Southern League, and those whose home venues are in the South, have been in a bad way so far as finances are concerned for some considerable time, but I fancy it will come as a surprise to many to learn that a team like Swindon are already beginning to look anxiously to the future, and if things do not show an appreciable improvement, it is contemplated that some of their players may have to be parted with.

Fleming and the "Gate."

One could have reasonably claimed forgiveness for believing that this particular team was in a pretty flourishing condition, especially in view of the good time they experienced in last season's cup ties and the prominent position they occupy in the League at the present time, but it seems that the "gate" has fallen away to a great extent lately, a fact no doubt attributable, as the Secretary says, to the absence from the team of Fleming; but even in face of that, which it must be admitted is a serious factor, one could still think they could stand the strain for some time.

However, it is no use thinking when facts have to be faced, and if the attendance does not increase, the only hope of the officials is that the team will again do well in the coming cup-ties, otherwise they will have to seek other means of replenishing the exchequer, which means that one of these days more than one familiar face will be missing from the ranks of the "Railwaymen."

Of course, things are not quite so bad as that at the moment, but the possibility of such a course having to be adopted exists, and it will be a thousand pities if the fine set of players which have been got together have to be split up for the purpose of finding funds to keep what is left of the team going. Let us hope it may not be so.

Could Anything be Fairer?

I would again draw your attention to our football competition (particulars of which appear on another page), and would advise those of you who have not yet made an effort to win the magnificent prize we offer to send in at once.

It is about the easiest competition conceivable, having no hard, impossible rules which make it impossible to win; it costs you nothing to try, no goals are required, and you may send in as many attempts as you like.

Could anything be fairer? £250 is a nice little sum to have about the house, particularly in view of the rapid approach of the festive season, so have a go at once; in fact, have half-a-dozen goes, and make your pals send in as well. Even if you don't win they may, and then you can at least touch for a bit.

I have not the space left to deal so thoroughly with the prospects of Saturday's matches as I did last week, and will have to be content with naming a few likely results without going into details.

HOME WINNERS.

MANCHESTER CITY.
OLDHAM ATHLETIC.
WEST BROMWICH ALBION.
BIRMINGHAM.
CLAPTON ORIENT.
MERTHYR TOWN.
SOUTHAMPTON.

AWAY WINNERS.

ASTON VILLA.
BLACKBURN.
QUEEN'S PARK RANGERS.
MILLWALL.

POSSIBLE DRAWS.

Chelsea and Derby.
Bristol City and Huddersfield.
Portsmouth and Swindon.

MY NOTE BOOK.

"SIN," THE SERIAL OF SERIALS:

You may already have read the opening chapters of our grand new serial, "Sin," from the ready pen of popular Marie Connor Leighton. If you have, I am certain you will feel that the story the author promises readers of *Modern Man* is one that will occupy a foremost place among that class of clever serials penned by writers whose names are famous for former literary efforts.

If you have not yet commenced to read "Sin," then you have the pleasure in store of beginning to share in the greatest melodramatic treat of modern times; and, as I remarked last week, you must tell all your friends about "Sin," the new thrilling serial by the author of "Hush Money" and "Convict 99," etc.

* * *

POPULARITY OF OUR COMPETITIONS.

Our free football competition, to which reference is made in the previous column, as well as elsewhere, has quickly leapt into popularity. Already thousands of readers are trying their skill, but it is open for thousands more to do so. The name of the prize winner in the No. 3 competition appears on page 1613. If you have not yet profited, there is no reason why you should not do so. In fact, you have the opportunity of benefiting to the extent of no less than £250. The option is yours.

Further, everybody should go in for "Firsts and Lasts." All must admit that it is a really ideal fireside pastime. So settle down to it, and spend your evenings in a profitable way. The prize winners in connection with the No. 1 competition will be published next week.

* * *

LETTERS FROM VARIOUS READERS.

The space at my disposal being limited, and having received a number of letters of which I desire to make mention this week, the extracts will of necessity have to be brief. Writing from Elizabethville, Congo, "G.S.D." says:—

"I have seen the evolution of the Congo, during the past two years, from a practically English-speaking and English-coin country, to Belgian, and the officials being dumped here at present are the worst specimens of Belgian imaginable. The change is not for the best.

"I have had your excellent paper every week since I have been here, and have read it in spots where no other man has been. In the early days, when the mails were carried some forty to fifty days by natives, I think the arrival of the *Modern Man* was the event of the week."

* * *

SIGNALMAN AND SIGNAL BOX DANGERS.

In thanking *Modern Man* for its recent remarks about signalmen as a body, "W.S.W.," a signalman, of Edentown, Carlisle, says: "It is not absolutely necessary to have more than one man in a signal-box for the following reasons: If anything unusual occurred at any particular signal-box, traffic would be at a standstill. The signalmen on either side are not supposed to allow a train to proceed without getting 'line clear' for it, except under exceptional circumstances, viz., if they are unable to get an answer to their bell signals for a train, such train must be stopped, the driver informed of the circumstances and instructed to proceed cautiously towards such signal-box and find out what is wrong. Further, if there was more than one man in quiet roadside signal-boxes they might neglect their duties by occupying their time with things outside their ordinary duty; or, if of different temperaments, they might fall out and quarrel, thereby rendering mishaps possible."

* * *

MESSAGE FROM THE AUSTRALIAN BUSH.

"Just a few lines to you from the Australian Bush," writes "G.H.S." "The last time I wrote you was from the East End of London. Distance does not divide me from *Modern Man*—one of the best. I still wear my League badge, and it was the means of an introduction between myself and an Irish fellow whilst on the voyage out."

YOUR EDITOR.

THE MODERN MAN.—No. 20: BISHOP WELLDON.

Bishop Welldon, Dean of Manchester, is nothing if not broad-minded, and he is very popular with all classes, rich and poor alike. Referring to the report of the Divorce Commissioners a few days ago, Dr. Welldon said: "If the report be rightly treated as affecting and being designed to affect, not the Church, but the State, there can be no reason why Churchmen should fly into a panic over the policy it suggests. All rejoice at the equalisation of rich and poor in matrimonial as in other causes before the law."

The genial Dean has received some queer communications in his time. On many occasions he has received letters asking for some information of a sporting character. When headmaster at Harrow he received contradictory telegrams from the mother and father of a boy. The father said: "Send Johnny home by the next train," while the mother said: "Keep him at school."

In such a conflict of parental commands he deemed it advisable to side with the mother.

Of another headmaster at Harrow, Archbishop Longley, Dr. Welldon has retailed an amusing story.

Dr. Longley, who was familiarly called "Jacob" by the boys, one day discovered that his amiable pupils used occasionally to escape from school at night on marauding excursions, and then got back to the dormitory by means of a long rope, which they pulled as a signal for their friends above to haul them up.

One night the wily Longley went round to the window and pulled the rope. Immediately the boys above began to haul up. The headmaster hung on like grim death, and when his respectable bald head appeared level with the dormitory window the boys, with a terrified "Jacob, by jingo!" let him fall flat into the bushes below!

NORTH COUNTRY READER WINS £25.

TRAFFIC TRUST PERIL.

Correspondent's Ominous Warnings.

An overwhelming metamorphosis has been effected in the direction of one of the greatest industries in the world—to wit, the traffic of the capital of the British Empire. The various forms of conveyance by which Londoners travel on their myriad errands of business or pleasure, have been drawn together into one vast combine. More than £23,000,000 of capital are involved in what practically amounts to a gigantic Traffic Trust.

Sweeping innovations of this kind cannot be passed over lightly. Even the casual observer must realise that they will involve vitally important consequences to all sections of the public. And the question instantly arises in this case: Is this monopolising of the entire passenger traffic of London—with the sole exception of the comparatively insignificant L.C.C. trams—likely to be, on the whole, beneficial or otherwise to the millions of travellers who comprise it?

One side of the question, at any rate—though we do not necessarily identify ourselves with its exposition—is set forth in a letter which we have received from a resident of Bloomsbury, who writes.

To the Editor, *Modern Man*.

Sir,—It is with the greatest anxiety and dismay that I view the absorption of the Underground Railway Company of the traffic of London into a vast Trust. I fear, as thousands of others must fear with me, that this monopoly must inevitably bring about extremely irksome changes to all travellers in the Metropolis.

First of all, every idea of competition is undoubtedly done away with. The Traffic Trust has now no rivals to fear. The only system which is not working in conjunction with it is the London County Council Tramways; and these already being worked at a loss, are bound, before very long, to be absorbed by the Committee. In a word, all competition is abolished.

"Now, Mr. Editor, competition is the spirit of efficiency. Where one locomotive company has reason to fear the advantage of another, it naturally keeps its working system at the very highest pitch of smoothness, its vehicles as roomy and comfortable as can be, the safety of its patrons is studied from every point of view—in short, no point is overlooked which makes for increased efficiency.

On the other hand, a monopoly has not these incitements to seek all-round excellence. A Trust has no reason to fear the public. It is indispensable to that public, and can dictate to it. And this is what I fear from the Traffic Trust. Already overbearing and arbitrary in its methods, it will become even more tyrannical.

I foresee a speedy and marked rise in fares all round. I foresee even more overcrowding in carriage and other vehicles already, at certain hours of the day and night, packed with perspiring humanity to suffocation point. In fact, I forsee an intolerable system.

No alternative is open to individual Londoners but to submit to any demands this Trust may make from them; and it is beyond the natural character of combines to imagine that these demands will be anything but heavy. The average Londoner is not a walker. He is prevented either by necessity or by inclination. The majority of him is a worker who must be at his work in time; and the remaining minority is a pleasure-seeker, who will passively submit to extortion if it affects his convenience. Thus I fear that no organised opposition to the Trust will be possible from Londoners. There is only one possible chance. The London County Council might pass legislative measures insisting on the retention of fares at their present figure; and also appoint vigilant inspectors whose business should be to keep every department of the working system at its highest pitch of efficiency. In common with every thinking Londoner, I feel sure that this would be the only safeguard.

Yours, etc.,

Montague Place, W.C. M. L.

"Don't you think," said Soulful Seligma, as they sat by the sea in the pale moonlight, "that the opening lines of Tennyson's little poem, 'Break, break, break,' are plaintive and sad?"

"Yes," was the melancholy reply, "but I think that 'Broke, broke, broke,' is a good deal sadder still."

IN THE RING.

Boxing Notes and Prospects.

Freddie Welsh, on regaining his hold on the Lightweight Belt, seems to feel that it is up to him to prove that he is the one and only, as with his nose still sore from the effects of Matt Wells's straight lefts, he signed articles for a twenty round scrap with Hughie Mehegan, the hard-hitting lightweight champion from "down under."

* * *

Mehegan, on his recent form as displayed against Matt Wells, should give Welsh a tough battle, but should the fight go the distance Mehegan will have to rest content with the short end of the purse, while Freddie, although taking home the bacon, will feel a bit sore about the midsection.

* * *

Fred Storbeck, the South African heavy, is in a critical condition, being down with blackwater fever in Rhodesia, but his splendid constitution should stand him in good stead and save him from taking the long count.

* * *

George Rodel is taking on a tough proposition in the person of Frank Klaus, the Yankee middle-weight, on Wednesday, in Paris.

* * *

Bombardier Wells seems to have a winning streak a yard wide in his make-up. Not content with winning the Boxing Championship, and making his opponents in the 100 yards sprint look like a lot of snails going out for an evening stroll, he now walks off with the billiard handicap at the Hampstead Gymnasium.

All the "nuts" entered the competition, including Jim Harris, Jim Maloney, Sid Wells, O. A. Clarke, and Harry Lewis. In the final Billy gave Lewis a start of 40 points in 150, and incidentally a beating.

* * *

Owen Moran had his hands full when he fought 20 rounds with Johnny Condon on Monday last, but got the decision at the end. Owen had won well enough, but Johnny's persistent attack and splendid defence must have worried him at times.

* * *

Condon should prove a stumbling block for most of the feather-weight aspirants, and is to be complimented on his showing against the strength and experience of Moran.

* * *

Patience on a Monument.

£250 IS THE FIRST PRIZE FOR FOOTBALL FORECASTS.

START READING IT NOW.

The Most Thrilling Melodrama ever written.

"SIN"

(The Wages of Sin is Death.)

By

MARIE CONNOR LEIGHTON,

Author of "Hush Money," "Convict 99," etc., etc.

CHAPTER I.

TAINTED PEARLS.

"What a shameful lie! Oh, how dare they! How dare they!"

The words were gasped out by a girl who stood alone in the drawing-room of a handsome house in Fitzjohn's Avenue, Hampstead.

The girl and the drawing room suited each other. The room was beautiful and luxurious, with gold brocade hangings, and a thick pile carpet, expressly woven to suit the family taste, and treasures of gold and silver and old china, and masses of costly flowers; and the girl, Jasmine Floyd, had a face and figure worthy of such a setting, while her dinner dress and her pearls told their tale of wealth even more plainly than did the things around her. Wonderful ropes of pearls were hers, gleaming round her throat and on her breast, and looping her wavy fair hair. They were almost too wonderful, looking as if they ought to belong to some royal woman rather than to the daughter of Mr. Wellington Floyd, of Fitzjohn's Avenue, who, though rich and respected, was only "something in the City."

But she was not thinking of these pearls at this moment, nor of her own beauty, nor anything except what was written on a sheet of paper which she held in her hand. It was the message scrawled on his piece of paper which had drawn from her that gasped out cry:

"What a shameful lie! Oh, how dare they! How dare they!"

Her face was flushed, and her eyes were alight as with blue fire. Her hands trembled so much that the paper she was holding shook visibly. Her breath was coming quickly and irregularly and she was so completely lost in her own feelings that she did not hear the room door open and did not notice the approach of a tall, stout man with a large coarse face lit by little cunning eyes and crowned with a sparse thatch of straw-coloured hair. The little cunning eyes were fastened hungrily on the charming curves of Jasmine Floyd's figure, and when the man reached her side he spoke to her in a voice whose very smoothness was almost startlingly disagreeable.

"All alone, Miss Floyd—and so early in the evening?"

The girl turned instantly and recognised him. But she did not put out her hand.

"Oh, it's you, Mr. Stuttermann? I did not know anyone was in the room. No one announced you."

"There is no need for me to be announced, my dear Miss Jasmine. As your father's most intimate friend I think I may claim the right to come in and out of this house without always having servants to conduct me. But what's the matter with you to-night? And how is it that you come to be alone?"

"Our only dinner guest left early to keep an appointment and my mother went to her room with a headache and then my father has gone to his study to do some writing. That is how I happen to be alone. But as you have come, Mr. Stuttermann, there is something I must ask you. Will you tell me how any living man could dare to send me such a letter as this?"

She distrusted and even feared this bulky, brutal-looking man who towered beside her, and yet she could not help turning to him in the agitation which tortured her at this moment. She held out the letter which still shook between her trembling fingers.

"Read it. It came just now—by the last post."

The big man took it and read it aloud with a suspicion of a German grunt in his voice. . .

"To Miss Floyd, Park Town House, Fitzjohn's Avenue.

"You think your father is really the decent man that the fools at Hampstead take him to be, but you're making a mighty mistake. All this respectability and going to church and doing the churchwarden business is all rot. It's all a blind, that's what it is. He's a fence. Perhaps you're too high and mighty to know what that means, so I'll make it plainer and say he's a receiver of stolen goods. Everything he's got has been stolen—even the jewels that you and your mother swagger about in. So, if you'll take the advice of an unknown friend, you'll come down a peg or two and leave off your airs and graces, seeing that any day you may find your dear daddy landed with a nice little dose of fourteen years' penal servitude."

"Who can the miserable slanderer be?" Jasmine Floyd broke in when the reading was finished. She was standing with white cheeks and clenched hands, and was speaking jerkily, almost brokenly. "Tell me, Mr. Stuttermann, who can it be? I think the scrawly handwriting is a man's. You are closely intimate with my father in a business way, and are more likely to be able to make a guess at the identity of this false-tongued wretch than I am. The postmark on the envelope is King's Cross, but of course that is no help. Do you know anyone who could have put down these infamous falsehoods in black and white like this?"

"They're not falsehoods, my dear girl," came the grunting half-German voice again, as the big man handed her back the letter. "They're the solid truth."

"The solid truth! Are you mad, Carl Stuttermann? What do you mean by saying that?"

He came nearer to her, daring to meet the new fire of indignation in her eyes. It was no wonder that she loathed the sight of him, for in spite of his lumbering size, and his straw-coloured fairness, he looked contemptible and greasily dirty. There was a pappy unmanliness about him which revolted her, and she felt now, as always before, that a smell of beer and whisky came from the very pores of his sickly looking skin. His little light eyes looked cunning and his coarse mouth had an ugly smile widening it as he drew quite close to her.

"What I mean is that I think it is about time you knew the facts, and I'm going to tell 'em to you. I should never have told you if you hadn't given yourself airs with me—but you have been turning up your pretty nose at me as high as it'll go, and I'm not the man to swallow that sort of thing and ask for more. You and your mother live here in this expensive house and wear beautiful clothes and jewels and drive about in a motor-car and give money to the church and are thought a heap of by the neighbours, and never trouble to ask yourselves what goose it is that lays all the golden eggs. What do you suppose your father gets his living at, eh—and such a fat living, too?"

"He always told us that he is something in the City. We have never known anything more than that."

Jasmine Floyd's cheeks were growing whiter and whiter. The man before her laughed the coarse laugh of a bully and a brute.

"Something in the City! That's a good joke, that is! And that's all you troubled to know? And so you and your mother give yourself airs, and, of course, you looked quite shocked when I told you the other day that I was in love with you and wanted to marry you. You thought you could despise me as a sort of worm, because you were the daughter of a man who was one of the lights of Hampstead, and could give his womenkind such a lot of good things."

"Mr. Stuttermann! How dare you?"

"Don't stop me! I'm going to tell you the straight facts now so as to take the starch out of you a bit. Listen here, my girl! Every word that's in that anonymous letter is true, and more besides. Your father is about the biggest and smartest receiver of stolen goods that has ever been known in London. Everything in this house has been bought out of money he's received from stolen property. That very satin that's making you look so lovely—those pearls that must be worth ten to fifteen thousand pounds——"

"Oh, no! No! It is a lie! It is a lie!"

"Oh, no, it isn't. I do a good deal in the way of lying, but I'm telling the truth now; and if you've got a grain of commonsense you'll see it."

Jasmine Floyd would not see it. She had backed away from him and, locking her hands together, was repeating in a fiercely passionate voice:

"It is a lie! It is a lie!"

Then suddenly she moved forward again and clutched at his coat sleeve.

"You shall answer for this to my father himself, Carl Stuttermann. You shall answer for it now—at once! My father is in his study, going through the church accounts and you shall face him. Come! Come!"

The broad ugly smile on the big man's coarse mouth widened still more.

"I'm perfectly willing to come to the study, my dear girl, but we shan't find your dear father there. Of course he had to make an excuse to you about doing church accounts, so as to get away. He's at his other premises now, doing stolen goods business."

"Come! Come! I would stake my life we shall find him in the study. And then you will have to own that you were wrong."

Shrugging his shoulders, Carl Stuttermann went with her out of the room, and up the handsome main staircase of the house. He still had that grin on his face for which she could have struck him.

She went to the study door first. It was locked. She knocked at it softly. There was no answer.

"You see I was right." The big man was leaning over her shoulder, speaking the words into her ear. "He's not there. . ."

A feeling of sickness came over Jasmine Floyd. Her knees began to tremble. She knocked again at the study door, desperately and more loudly.

Still there was no answer.

"He must be in there, only he is asleep," the girl insisted bravely. "He said at dinner that he was tired and he must have fallen asleep, and be sleeping so soundly that we cannot wake him."

"All right!" said Carl Stuttermann. "We'll soon find out about that." He took a key from one of his pockets, coolly unlocked the door with it and then motioned her to go into the room. But she looked at him in amazement without moving.

"What key is that? How dare you come to have a key of my father's study?"

"It's a duplicate key. I knew it would suit me to have one, and so I took pains to get it. It has come in useful now. Go in and see for yourself that your father is not there. . ."

Tremblingly then Jasmine Floyd went into the room in which she had believed her father to be sitting working away at accounts in his capacity as churchwarden. Looking about her blankly, she faced the fact that the room was empty.

"You see he's not here," said the voice of the man at her elbow. "He left the room locked and all the lights turned on so that everybody in this house might take it for granted he was there, while in actual fact he's down at the place where he does his business with the thieves of London. Would you like to know where that is? Well, it's a pretty little villa in Regent's Park. He rents it in the name of Troop and goes there disguised in a light brown wig and beard. He does the thing so well that anyone of the fellows he sees there might meet him to-morrow outside this very door and wouldn't know him."

"How many—how many—" panted out Jasmine Floyd, and then got no farther.

"How many know his secret? Nobody besides myself—and the person who wrote the anonymous letter, whoever he may be. And I shouldn't have betrayed the game to you if your way of treating me hadn't been a bit more than I could stand. I'm mad after you, that's what it is, and your saying No to me got my blood up, so I thought I'd open your eyes so as to bring you to your senses. Now you'll have to behave yourself to me, or I'll show up your daddy for you. Oh, I know you're fretting after young Harry Earle who's gone to do time for ten years! You've never been the same since he was tried and convicted, and sent away to wear the drab jacket and knickers and sport the broad arrow. But you might as well be in love with an old cow as with a convict who's got a dose of ten years. And I've made up my mind to get you, so it's no good your holding out against me. You've got to come and lunch with me to-morrow over at my house in Chelsea and then we can talk out this business nicely by ourselves."

"Come to lunch with you? No! No!" She was shrinking back from him as she spoke. Then, seeing an ugly cloud come on his face she tried to laugh. "You know I told you yesterday that it was quite strange that you should never have seen me in the daylight yet although you've known us all for three months, because you always come at night. Well, I don't want to break that record, because there is something odd about it, so I—I will not come to lunch."

"Yes you will," said the repulsive looking big man, with his hateful smile growing more hateful still. "You're coming to lunch with me at my house in Chelsea to-morrow at half past one. If you fail me it will be the worse for your father. And he'll be in a tight enough corner to-morrow in any case without adding to his danger."

"His danger!" Her blood ran cold. "Will he be in danger?"

"Well, the business of a fence isn't the safest of businesses. There's always a big risk in buying stolen goods. And to-morrow it happens that your father will be playing a riskier game than usual. There'll be trouble in the afternoon or evening and you might help him a bit if——"

"Help him? Do you think I could help him?"

"You might if you were on the spot. I've got a duplicate latchkey to the Regent's Park house, and you can have it to use to-morrow if you'll promise to come and lunch with me. Will you promise?"

"Yes! Yes! Give me the key."

She held out her hand desperately. The big, brutal German-looking man leaned over her as he felt in his pocket.

"That's a bargain, then. Here's the key. You may as well have it now in case I forget to give it to you to-morrow. But it'll be no good your going to the place until the afternoon, after your lunch with me. Better wait till dusk, for you'll have to slip in like a shadow. Nobody must know you're there. If you're found out it will be the worse for you and your father. And if you fail me—why Mr. Wellington Floyd, otherwise Troop, shall be in the hands of the police within an hour."

"And what about the writer of this terrible anonymous letter? If all that he says is true, how do we know that from moment to moment he may not inform the police?"

"Because ten chances to one he's an old professional thief, and might be pounced upon himself if he woke Scotland Yard. And, anyhow I'll soon nose him out and nobble him. There's not much I can't do, now that I'm going to get you into my grip. What's become of your pride now, eh, my pretty Jasmine? You don't mind my hands stroking your hair now, do you?"

With his arm around her—heedless that she loathed his touch—he whispered two addresses into her ear. Then she broke from him, leaving him to relock the study door, and groping her way almost blindly downstairs again to the drawing-room, sank down upon a sofa and buried her white face in her trembling hands. Her fingers, clutching her temples, felt some of the pearls that looped her hair, and in sudden shame and horror she tore off the string of precious gems and flung it on the floor.

They were tainted pearls—pearls that had been bought with the proceeds of crime.

In her dumb, half-paralysing anguish she heard the front door shut, and knew that Carl Stuttermann had gone out. After that she was aware of nothing more until after a long time a slight noise in the direction of one of the windows made her start and take her hands from her face.

And then she sprang to her feet. For there, standing before her, was a man with shaven face, close-cropped hair, and desperate eyes, who wore the clothes of a convict under a long, shabby overcoat which gaped open in front.

"Harry Earle!" she cried out in a voice that was suffocated by sheer consternation. "God help me if my eyes are deceiving me! Harry Earle!"

* * *

CHAPTER II.

THE ALARM.

"Yes—Harry Earle—escaped from Portmill Prison this morning and now got here to you—though Heaven knows how!"

Jasmine Floyd looked at him dazedly, in blank consternation. Then she crossed the room and locked the door. Coming back, she went to each window in turn, fastening the hasps.

"You came in by the window? It must have been a hard climb up, because of the sunk area."

"That was nothing to me when I was coming to you. I was outside the window a good bit watching and hoping you would come into this room. I escaped from Portmill in order to tell you that I love you."

The sheer consternation passed from the girl's face now, and a quick radiance came in its stead. The man in the convict clothes went on hurriedly before she could speak:

"In the bitter loneliness of my cell I have had time to think things out, and I knew that I loved you, and that you loved me. Something kept on telling me that we had been lovers in heart for months past, and that I had been mad not to speak. I saw this as clear as in a lightning flash. I began to see other things, too—gleams of light into the darkness of the mystery which suddenly closed round my life and sent me, Harry Earle, as a branded felon to a convict prison. . . I am on the track of my destroyers. If I can keep my freedom for another forty-eight hours, I shall be able to do a lot in clearing the way. But most of all in my cell, and while I nearly broke my back lifting the boulders in the quarry, I said to myself that you, with your beauty and your charm, would not be free long if I did not come and claim you for my own so as to hold you to me. So I made a dash for it, though the nearest warder with his loaded rifle was not ten yards away from me—and I am here. What

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do I look like? Not much like the Harry Earle of a few months ago—strong, athletic, working hard with his face set to win success, eh? Oh, Jasmine! Jasmine!"

He held out his arms to her. And she sprang to him and threw her own arms round his neck and let him hold her close, close against his heart.

"God help me! What a shame that I should hold you like this with your beauty crushed against this accursed drab jacket with the broad arrows stamped on it! Oh, Jasmine, how is it that you are not ashamed to have me hold you? How can you come to the arms of a man whose hair is a felon's crop? Is it—is it that I was right in what I dared to dream in the lonely torture of my cell—that you love me with all your heart, passionately and for always?"

"Yes! Yes!" Her softly flushed cheek was resting against the threadbare cloth of the shabby overcoat which screened his damning felon suit from the public gaze. . . "I do love you, Harry. Oh, I do love you! I've known it ever since that morning when they convicted you, and you went out of the dock to be sent into penal servitude. So it must have been real love, mustn't it? Because it is only real love that gets stronger when the loved one is in trouble and sorrow. But I hardly dared to own that I loved you, even to myself; because I had no idea that you loved me. You had looked at me tenderly sometimes—but people said that you had a way of looking tenderly at women. And I've suffered since—oh, so much! So much! thinking that you did not care, while my heart was breaking for you. And all the while you did care! Oh, Harry! Harry!"

"Care? My God! You are all I have to care for in the world!"

He rested his lips on hers and they stood for some moments in silence, their hearts beating against each other. Then a sound from some other part of the house reached the ears of both of them and they started apart. The young fellow in the convict clothes straightened himself as he looked round half defiantly towards the door.

"I must go," he said hoarsely. "I am in danger here from moment to moment. I am sure to be re-taken; but it must not be yet—not until I have had time to get hold of the man who sent me down into the depths. But if you will promise to be true to me ——"

"Always and always, Harry!" she broke in passionately. "Always and always, so help me Heaven!"

Again he caught her in his arms and held her close.

"Where are you going—to-night?" she whispered.

He shook his head.

"Heaven only knows!"

"You must go to Clarestoke—to your uncle," she told him.

"And be turned out by his footman? No, Jasmine, I cannot do that. I will find a shelter somehow. And to-morrow we must meet somewhere. Can you come to me by the silver birches on Hampstead Heath at four o'clock? It will be getting dusk then and if I am still free I shall be there."

"I cannot come," she told him, moving restlessly in his arms. "I have promised to go and lunch with Carl Stuttermann at his house in Chelsea, and I shall not be able to get away in time."

"You have promised to lunch with Carl Stuttermann—and at his house. But you must have been mad to make such a promise. You shall not keep it. You belong to me now, Jasmine, and I have the right to say you shall not go to him. He is a scoundrel and a brute—a man such as no woman should trust herself with for a moment. I tell you, you must not go to him."

The girl gave a little gasp. Her convict lover was holding her closer to him than ever, and now, pressing her head back against his arm, he looked steadily at her upturned face.

"I am bound to go, Harry. It is for my father's sake. It—it is a matter of life and death to him. I cannot tell you the meaning of it all. I dare not tell you, or anyone. But I must go."

"And I say you shall not. Even your father's life would not be worth your passing half an hour alone with that brute Stuttermann. Jasmine, for the sake of your love for me you must break this dangerous promise. You are mine now and you shall not go. Give me your word that you will not! Give me your word."

There was a sound close outside the room door. A hand turned the door-handle. Jasmine Floyd wrenched herself free from her lover's hold and pushed him towards the nearest window.

"Go, Harry! Go!" she urged him in a desperate whisper. "Don't stop another instant. Go!"

He sprang to the window and unfastened the hasp. Taking some money from a satin bag that lay on a table, she tried to thrust it into his hand, but he put it from him, shaking his head, and in the next moment was gone.

She crossed the floor and unlocked the door.

Her father stood outside. He was a middle-sized, thick-set man with black hair turning grey and a smug, respectable face. As she looked at him her faith in him almost came back. In appearance he looked far more like the estimable Mr. Wellington Floyd that the Hampstead people supposed him to be than like a receiver of stolen goods, a criminal, as bad as the burglars and thieves from whom he bought their booty.

"Harry Earle!" Jasmine cried out, "God help me if my eyes are deceiving me! Harry Earle!"

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"What did you lock yourself in for?" he asked, striding into the room and looking about him suspiciously.

"Why, I felt that I wanted to be alone," she answered him. "Have you finished your accounts?"

"Yes. I've been working at them ever since I left you after dinner. My head aches from sitting up there poring over them. I must have that study table made higher. It's so low now that it seems to break my back when I sit leaning over it for hours as I have done to-night."

Jasmine Floyd caught her breath. For by this lie she knew that what the big, hateful Stuttermann had said about him must be true. How little he, her father dreamed that she had been to his carefully locked study and knew perfectly well that he had not been there! She moved quickly forward, remembering the pearls on the floor by the sofa and snatched up the precious string before he could see it.

Sleep did not come to her that night. Through all the hours of darkness she lay awake, tortured with fears concerning her father, and concerning the lover who might be wandering the London streets shelterless, with nowhere to lay his head, and in desperate momentary peril of recognition and re-arrest.

How she loved him—Harry Earle! He had escaped from a great convict prison, running the gauntlet of loaded rifles, to come to her and tell her of his love, and now, though his heart might beat high with happiness, he was homeless, friendless, and perhaps even hungry. He had not been willing to take money from her. If she had had more time she would have forced upon him the two sovereigns she had taken from the bag. But, as it was he might have nothing—nothing!

She shuddered at the thought, even while her whole being thrilled and glowed with the memory of his clasping arms and his kisses.

And he had begged of her, demanded of her, that she should not keep her promise to go to-morrow and lunch with Carl Stuttermann. Yet—if she did not go, Stuttermann might betray her father. What could she do?

"I must go," she said to herself, despairingly. "I must go!"

She said it again at noon the next day and went to her room to get ready for the little journey to Chelsea. It had to be a secret journey, so she could not go in the motor car. She would have to go by motor cab or part of the way by train.

A shiver ran through her as she touched the key which Carl Stuttermann had given her—the key which was to admit her, as he had declared, to the house in Regent's Park, where in disguise and under a false name her father carried on his secret business as a receiver of ill-gotten treasures. Whatever happened, she must not lose this key. She put it carefully into a deep inner pocket of her handsome walking coat, and then, without saying good-bye to her mother, whose questions she dared not face, she went softly downstairs and let herself out at the front door.

A slight fog thickened the air. This must mean a dense fog down in town, and she judged that it might be better to go by train than to take a cab. In any case she would go to Baker Street by train and then see what the atmosphere was like.

She had been right in supposing that the fog would be thicker as she went towards the heart of the Metropolis. As the train in which she travelled approached Baker Street a gloom that was dense as night darkness enwrapped everything. She began to ask herself if it would be possible for her to get to Chelsea.

The train slackened—stopped—went on again and then slackened anew. Once more it went on, venturing even to get up speed. Then there was a concussion, a grinding noise—and Jasmine Floyd found herself flung to the other side of the compartment, and knew that there had been a collision.

She was not hurt, but before she could rise she had to lift from across her the form of a girl who, in being thrown from her place, had struck the back of her head violently against the edge of one of the cross seats. The blow had been a severe one, and she was senseless now as Jasmine with a great effort lifted her in order to struggle up from beneath her weight.

Another moment and Jasmine was able to look into her face. And then a low cry of sheer amazement broke from her lips:

For the girl was as like herself as any human being who was not actually herself could be.

Quite heedless now of the confusion around her, she fixed her eyes on the girl's features. They were her own features over again. The girl's fair hair, though it might be a little less in quantity than her own, had the same tint and the same wave in it, and grew in the same way about the brow and temples. The poor unconscious creature's eyes were closed, but she did not doubt that when they unclosed they would prove to be deep blue eyes like her own. The dark lashes were the same, long and curly. She seemed to have the same figure, too, and to be about the same height.

Instantly an idea darted into Jasmine Floyd's mind. She appealed to two men who were coming towards her:

"Will you help me to lift this young girl? She has struck her head badly, but I hope she will be all right presently. If they get us into the station, I will take her to the waiting-room and she will soon recover."

The accident had been only a slight one, and at the end of half an hour the shaken passengers by the train were safely landed on one of the Baker Street Station platforms. The strange girl who was so exactly like Jasmine Floyd had half recovered, but was faint still. Jasmine still acting on her sudden idea; managed to get her out into the fog-filled street and thence by cab at a crawling rate through the almost impenetrable gloom, to a great hotel that was near at hand. Here, by paying in advance Jasmine secured a room for herself and her companion and, taking the stranger up to it, proceeded by gentle treatment to revive her.

"Listen!" she said at the end of a few minutes. "You must try to get over your faintness now. You are not really injured. You hurt your head by striking it against the edge of the seat, but that will soon be better. I want you to tell me what your name is and something about yourself."

For the second time then the girl unclosed her eyes. As Jasmine Floyd had expected, they were of a deep blue and exactly like her own, except that the lashes were not quite so dark. But the shadow of a large and heavily plumed hat would hide a little difference such as that.

Jasmine had taken her own hat off and the eyes of the stranger, resting on her face, became full of consternation.

"Whoever are you?" she cried, rousing herself. "You are exactly like me. I feel as if I were looking at myself!"

"My name is Jasmine Floyd. What is yours?"

"Mary Glover."

"What are you? What do you do for a living?"

"I live with my mother in Kilburn and do embroidery work for a West-End shop. But, oh dear! Oh dear! I'm too late! Too late!"

She started up with clenched hands from the armchair in which Jasmine had placed her. She looked around her wildly, with sobs rising in her throat. . . Jasmine took her arm.

"Too late for what? What do you mean? Tell me!"

"I'm going to be married next week to a man that I love and that loves me dearly. But there's another man that's got letters of mine—a bad man. If my Jack saw those letters he'd never marry me. The other man says he won't give them up unless I pay him ten pounds for them. He says he'll send them to Jack if I don't pay him. I haven't got the ten pounds, but I'd made an appointment with him this morning to see him, and I was going to beg him on my knees to let me off, or to wait for the money. And now it's too late. I've missed the appointment and I shall be ruined—ruined!"

Jasmine grasped her wrist tightly.

"Listen here, Mary Glover! There is something I want you to do for me; and if you will do it, I will give you the ten pounds to buy back your letters, and another ten besides to buy yourself a wedding present. You have just said yourself that I am exactly like you. I want to make use of that likeness. I want you to change clothes with me at once and go in my place, and in my name, and have lunch with a man in a house in Chelsea."

"You can do it very well," she went on, seeing that the other was too amazed to speak. "There will be no trouble about it, and no harm can come to you. You are so like me, even in voice, that the man who has never seen me in the daylight will not know you from me if you keep your hat on—the large hat that I have just taken off. Besides, this dense fog gets into the houses and blurs things indoors as well as out of doors. The man will make love to you, but you need not let him go too far. He will tell you strange things about my father, but you must not believe him. If you will do this for me, you must promise never to repeat to a soul, not even to your mother or your lover, a single word of what is said to you over the luncheon. Will you do it? And will you give me the promise I ask you?"

"Yes, I'll do it all. And I'll promise—for the sake of getting back my letters."

"Then we must change clothes at once and leave here together. We shall need a long time to get to Chelsea in this fog. When the luncheon is over you must come back here to this hotel and wait for me. And we will become our true selves again. Take off your clothes quickly! There is no time to lose. And on the way down to the house I can tell you everything that needs to be told, so that you can talk to the man as if you were myself—Jasmine Floyd."

It was a very good substitute for Jasmine Floyd, who was admitted into Carl Stuttermann's house in Chelsea an hour and a half later; and Jasmine Floyd, herself, wearing the shabby serge coat and skirt and small plain black hat of the other girl made her way with a chilling sense of fear at her heart back to the neighbourhood of Regent's Park, there to grope in the fog for the villa which was occupied by "Mr. Troop."

"I have done as Harry wanted me to do. I have not gone to lunch with Carl Stuttermann," she said to herself, trying to find comfort in this for the unaccountable chill of fear within her, which was like an icy hand clutching at her heart strings.

She had taken good care to possess herself of the latch key which Stuttermann had given her, before she had handed over her own coat for Mary Glover to wear, and she was holding it tightly gripped in her right hand now, as she wandered about in

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of the villa, in which she dread presently to discover her father. Stuttermann had told her that her father would be in danger to-day. If so, then she must help him if she could, even though he were a breaker of the law. Certainly Stuttermann had told her at the same time that she must keep herself hidden, so that her being in the house would not be discovered. But—well, she would see.

She found the villa at last. Its main entrance door was at the side, and in the deep silence and gloom, she presently judged that it would be safe to let herself in. The latch key turned very softly; the door yielded, and she found herself in what seemed to be—for there were no lights—a small square hall. Shutting the door behind her, she moved softly forward, lightly and noiselessly, trusting to chance as to where she should go. A moment later a sound of voices made her turn aside and go in at an open doorway on her left. A light shining in through a fanlight above a door that must have led to an inner room, showed her that she was in a kind of study, plainly and yet handsomely furnished. Close to a curtained window at the far end, her fear-sharpened eyes perceived a tall cabinet standing against the wall and partly hidden from the rest of the room by a group of palms. In a moment she had reached this cabinet, had pulled it out from the wall on the side nearer to the window curtains and had slipped behind it.

What she had said to Mary Glover about the fog making things blurred indoors as well as out of doors was true. There was a thick grey haze in this room and what with that and the folds of the curtain and the palm leaves in front, it was not likely that even with lights turned on anyone would notice that the cabinet stood a little way out from the wall on one side.

She had hardly been in her hiding-place half a dozen seconds when the lights did go up and two men entered the room. The first was a man with a red-brown beard and moustache, and red-brown hair, whom until to-day she would have passed in the street without glancing at him twice. But now, fore-warned and clear-sighted, she traced his features with deadly exactitude and through all his disguise she knew him to be her father.

There was no room for doubt. And her heart turned sick and faint within her. The other man was a stranger. Her father, now Mr. Troop, signed to him to come forward and, himself taking a chair in front of a handsome bureau, spoke to him quickly.

"You've got the diamond with you?"

"Yes, but are you sure we're alone?"

"Quite sure. There's nobody in this house but our two selves. Nobody suspects that there's anything wrong here and they couldn't get in if they did without making a noise that would warn us. You can speak freely."

"Well, here's the stone. It's made me pretty sick, I can tell you, to see, on the way here, on every newspaper placard that had light enough on it, the headlines 'The Great Sunstone Diamond. Thief reported to be in London.' I want to get it out of my hands quick, so I'll take thirty-thousand down for it. You know very well that the Dutch diamond-cutters will make three or four great brilliants of it, each worth a millionaire's fortune. I'm only letting it go for next to nothing because I'm hard driven and in a mortal funk."

For a moment the room swam round Jasmine Floyd. For a month past she had read of the robbery of the Sunstone diamond—the second largest ever found in the world's history—from a mine-owner in Johannesburg. The papers had been full of the astounding robbery, and the police search for the thief. And now here was a man selling it to her father.

A chill horror ran in her blood. Even while its cold grip was upon her there came a noise as of the breaking of glass in another part of the house. Her father and the man who had the Sunstone diamond looked at each other blankly for two or three seconds, and then made for the room door. But before they could reach the door it was flung open, and Jasmine Floyd peering out, saw Harry Earle come into the room.

She saw—and hardly believed her eyes, yet there he was, her own lover, just as he had come to her last evening, with the same long overcoat covering up his drab jacket and breeches that had the damning broad arrow upon them. He strode up to where her father stood and cried to him in a voice that rang stern and fearless:

"You scoundrel! You know me, don't you? I am Harry Earle—Harry Earle, whom you——"

He broke off. For then there happened something that to Jasmine Floyd was as a nightmare.

Half a dozen men, some in police uniform and some in plain clothes, rushed into the room. They showed amazement at sight of Harry Earle. Jasmine Floyd knew that it was not for him they had come, but for her father. Quick as a lightning flash, Wellington Floyd, alias Troop, had whipped out a revolver from one of the drawers of his bureau, and with the cold horror in her veins growing deeper and more sickly, she saw one of the plain-clothes men fall under his first shot, even as she herself sprang out from her hiding-place to clutch from behind a policeman who had seized her lover.

Another dozen seconds and Harry Earle was gone, never dreaming that it was to her he owed his safety. The man with the Sunstone diamond had switched off the lights as he bolted, and in the sudden dense gloom she herself had escaped, though not before one of the bloodhounds of the law had seen her face.

* * *

More and more horror stricken, torn with anguish and shame and fear—shame and fear for her father—she ran stumblingly on through the dense fog that now half smothered and half blinded her. So terrible was now the yellowish darkness which enshrouded London that she told herself that it would not do to let Mary Glover try to get back alone from Chelsea to the hotel near Baker Street. She must go and fetch her.

And two hours later, having been often baffled, often almost lost in the stilled city, where now all traffic was suspended, and only occasional shouts broke the deathly silence, she went up the steps of Carl Stuttermann's house.

She meant to ring the bell and ask the manservant or maid-servant who should answer her summons, if Miss Floyd had gone yet. But before she had reached the top step the door opened suddenly, and a big lumbering man who she knew must be Stuttermann, came out of the lighted hall, and stumbled down the steps. In his hurry he had not noticed the shadowy outline of her figure standing near him.

He had left the door ajar. Before he got to the bottom of the steps he remembered and stumbled up again to shut it. But in that moment's interval Jasmine Floyd had darted into the hall.

Still he had not seen her. She listened to his retreating footsteps and then she listened for any sound in the house.

There was no sound. Instead of hearing anything she became aware of a peculiar silence which had something unnatural about it and sent a shudder through her whole being. And yet the place was brightly lighted. She went into the first room she came to. It was empty. She went to the room beyond. Ah, this was the dining-room! This must be where Stuttermann and Mary Glover had had luncheon together.

She advanced a few steps. The luncheon table was still spread. And—and—oh, Father in Heaven!

She stumbled backward, swaying, shaking in every limb, chalk-white of face and with hands seeking for something at which to clutch to save herself from falling.

And a cry broke from her, sharp and wild—a cry for help.

(*To be continued.*)

In next week's long instalment, there are developments which will positively fascinate every reader of "Modern Man." Order your copy NOW to prevent disappointment.

Give him Bovril

Because

the Body-Building Power of Bovril has been proved to be from 10 to 20 times the amount taken.

G.B.B. 672

FIRSTS AND LASTS ARE BOOMING. SEE PAGE 1613.

Mems for the Modern Woman.

A Miss Barton has been writing to a contemporary suggesting that women sell their bodies in exchange for marriage. It seems rather an uncommon—not to say hysterical—remark, and leads the sane-minded critic, male or female, to the belief that Miss Barton's views on this phase of social life must be strangely contorted.

It may be that her mental outlook is a sort of throw-back to the prehistoric state, and that she favours a system of "Free Love." Or is it that she is jealous because nobody has as yet plucked up sufficient courage to sue for her fair hand in wedlock?

* * *

Ban on Open-work Stockings.

It would be interesting to ascertain the views of the majority of women on the subject of whether employers in City offices should have the right to proscribe open-work stockings, "pneumonia" blouses, and so on.

At least two City business men have done this; and a divided opinion seems to obtain among girl-typists and others on the subject. The unbiassed view would seem to be that in this cold weather, at any rate, the rule is a decidedly sensible one, as it tends to the physical well-being of the girl employees.

In warm weather, however, it seems to us that, within reason, girls employed to do brain work should be their own censors of costume.

Perhaps some of our lady readers—and men, too, if they like—will favour us with their views on this question.

* * *

Making Allowances.

("The very sensible suggestion is put forward that wives should spend on dress exactly what their husbands do on clothes."—Daily Paper.)

Your dress allowance, Geraldine,
We planned the other night,
Should be the same as mine has been
Yet, if I hear aright,
You murmur, which is scarcely fair.
You've "really nothing fit to wear!"

That dress you bought the other day
I thought was very nice;
You can't wear *that* again, you say,
Because you've worn it twice.
For five long weeks I've had this suit,
Small wonder you with shame are mute.

And where's that coat with tassel things?
Those fearsome, spotted veils?
That smart erection trimmed with wings
You garnered at the sales?
Your riotous display of hats?
My one extravagance is spats.

I try my hardest not to see
Your dimples, but in vain,
For if, despite my stern decree,
You smile like that again,
'Twill be the usual thing, I fear—
I'll go and get my cheque-book, dear!

* * *

Painted Girls.

There is much in a sharp rebuke given by a High School mistress in America to her girl students, which should provide food for earnest thought to young girls in this country.

It is a far too prevalent habit—and a growing one—even among children of fifteen or sixteen, an age when their natural complexions are at their best, to invoke artificial aids to so-called beauty.

"You girls are too prolific in the use of paint and rouge," said the schoolmistress in question, vigorously. "We do not care to be treated to moving pictures in this school, nor do we want any Galateas or living paintings around here. This is a public school and not an art gallery. Besides, I think the complexion of the average American girl is such that it is harmed instead of improved by artificial devices."

The latter sentence applies with even greater force to English maidens—especially young ones—whose "pink and white bloom" is the envy of their sisters of other nations.

Why, then, will they ruin it with cosmetics? If the truth be—as it probably is—that they "make up" to charm men, then again they are foolish, for every man—as distinct from a callow youth—can tell the difference between a real and an artificial complexion every time.

* * *

Careless Wives and the Slums.

A reader, signing herself "Martinique," has written *Modern Man* on "The Slum Problem." She says:—

We are told that the property owners should be compelled to demolish all the old houses and provide some more up-to-date, cleaner and more fit for human habitation, than the houses in which the lower working classes now live. Others tell us that what is wanted is a minimum wage of not less than 25s. per week, and so give the working man a real chance to live. But have we, in these arguments, good as they are, got to the real root of the trouble. Give some women a clean house, and inside three months it will be like a pigstye. On the other hand, we have women who, however poor, would never be content until every speck of dirt had been eliminated from the house.

The real trouble, therefore, is the dirty and careless wife, who really doesn't care a jot, and goodness knows there are hundreds of them. They gossip all day long, with the result that when the husband comes in, there is not a scrap of comfort in staying at home, and naturally off he goes to the public-house, where he can at least have comfort, and spend a pleasant night with his friends. With what result? His wife he cares nothing for, his wife, seeing the state of affairs, cares less. The result is obvious.

What then is the solution? Train our girls at school to be clean in all things, teach them that the first duty to themselves is cleanliness, and if these qualities are instilled into their minds in youth, then it follows they will grow up clean, and realise the value of cleanliness. But still that doesn't make provision for the already dirty housewife.

We have seen in the newspapers that a few thousand pounds have been spent to provide a hotel for dogs. This may be all right in a way, for we know that a dog is a good friend of man, but are our working people not of more consequence? If money is so easily thrown away on dogs, cannot someone throw some in the right direction and form a society of competent house-wives to pay periodical visits to our slums and show the women how to cook, and keep a house clean and in respectable order.

Some of the women might object to interference, but there are others who have never been brought up differently who would eagerly welcome the help which I have suggested.

Soap and water are cheap enough, and there is no reason why it should not be used to a very much greater advantage. But the main thing is, correct the older people, and train the young, and convince them of the value of soap and water, and thus if the houses are small and wages likewise, we shall at least see a clean and healthier class of children in our midst.

* * *

"I be maister here, but not a word about that to the wife."

(Mr. Will Crooks: "If you are going to be master in your own house, don't tell anyone about it."—At Birmingham.

YOU HAVE THE OPPORTUNITY TO WIN £250. SET ABOUT IT.

The Prize Winners in No. 1 Competition will be given next week.

FIRSTS AND LASTS

Grand New Money-making and Fascinating Winter Evening Pastime.

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"FIRSTS AND LASTS" is our latest Grand Competition for the amusement and substantial profit of our thousands of Readers. Whatever amount is received, be it

£200

or more the whole will be distributed among the competitors sending in what are adjudicated by a competent staff to be the best "Firsts and Lasts." Here Readers have the opportunity of providing themselves with magnificent prizes. So begin now and go on building; the bigger the better.

How to make Firsts and Lasts.

Here is an example of what is meant by "Firsts and Lasts." If you examine the two words Tick Cyclists, you will find the first and last letters are "T" and "S," so that your "Firsts and Lasts" might be Turn Somersaults.

"Firsts and Lasts" must be written on coupons taken from this page, and each coupon must be accompanied by a Postal Order for Sixpence.

These should be made payable to "Modern Man" and crossed "and Co." Do not send cheques.

You may send in two "Firsts and Lasts" on each coupon for Sixpence.

If any question arises as to the awards, or any other matter relating to the competition, the same must be decided by the Editor, whose decision is final, and readers are only allowed to enter on this understanding.

Competitors may send in as many "Firsts and Lasts" as they like, but every double attempt must be written in ink on the coupons provided and accompanied by a Postal Order for Sixpence.

In sending more than one coupon a Postal Order for the amount covering the number dispatched will do.

Postal Orders only should be sent.

This week "Firsts and Lasts" may be constructed from the following examples:—

CARELESS WIVES.	WRONGLY IMPRISONED.
SOMEBODY'S DARLING.	AT SEA.
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Send in by Tuesday, 3rd December. But don't wait till the Closing Day. Whenever received, every Coupon will be judged solely on its merits, but Competitors are requested to send their attempts as early as possible to facilitate the work of adjudicating. Please mark envelopes "Firsts and Lasts," "Modern Man" Offices, Farringdon House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C., and write "Competition" No. 3 in the top left-hand corner of the envelopes.

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BEGIN TO-DAY THE SERIAL OF THE YEAR. SEE PAGE 1607

THE CAREER OF DUNLOP KANE:

No. XIX.—THE DECOY.

By ADAM STERN,
Author of the well known Selby Series which appeared in "Modern Man."

From out of the press of customers in Prosing's Emporium, High Holborn—it was the Christmas season, and trade was at its busiest—Dunlop Kane caught sight of a woman's face, a plain-faced woman, with a look of indescribable anxiety upon it. She was looking about her in all directions.

A moment later she plunged up to a commissionaire and began to ask him hurried questions.

It was one of Dunlop Kane's many self-imposed duties that no customer should leave Prosing's being unhappier than when he came. Accordingly, he approached the anxious-faced woman and inquired of her pleasantly the cause of her distress.

The reply she made passed a flicker of earnestness over his face, and he invited her to follow him—conducting her to his private office, where he sat her in a chair and directed at her a number of clear and pointed questions.

She was a middle-aged homely person, in tidy unfashionable black, and with a simple helplessness of demeanour which indicated plainly that she came from the country.

"You say that you left your daughter choosing some picture-postcards while you went to look at the millinery, and when you came back again you couldn't find her anywhere. How long were you absent from her, do you think?"

"It could hardly have been more than five minutes, sir; because I saw a hat as I knew 'ud just suit her, and I went back to fetch her to tell her to com'n look at it."

"And discovering she had wandered away you naturally went in search of her. And you've been from top floor to bottom so far without success?"

"I've trapesed everywhere, I should think, and I'm quite tired out. And why she should move away when I warned her particular ——"

"It's a big store, madam, and it's quite possible for two people to look for each other all day without ultimately coming into contact. Describe her to me and I'll go and make inquiries."

"There was what the man in uniform said, by the place where I'd left my girl—that he'd seen a girl dressed like my daughter talking to a nurse, and that all of a sudden they had gone off together."

"Yes, I know. But we must get corroboration of that. It is probably a mistake. Remain here a minute."

He went away, and a few moments later was in converse with the commissionaire in the stationery department, listening to his report with an abstracted eye and with lips unconsciously stern.

"They got into a taxi, you say. Did you notice the number?

"I'm sorry to say I didn't, sir. I never thought anything was wrong."

"You are sure it was the same girl?"

"From what you say, sir, there don't seem to be any mistake."

"Very well. Don't speak of this to anybody."

He 'phoned through to Jeppa, the captain of the delivery boys, and with a creak and a whirr the American lift shot up, discharging the lad, cool-eyed and ready. Three minutes later a score of youths on bicycles were pedalling through London, inquiring at the various cab-ranks for the driver of a cab who had picked up a nurse and a girl (described) and driven them from Prosing's to a destination unknown. The same urgent message was telephoned through to the headquarters of the different cab companies. Then Dunlop Kane returned to his office.

"It will be a matter of some little time," he said, "before I can tell you anything definite. I'm sure you will be a sensible woman, and not give way unnecessarily to alarm. If you will follow me to the restaurant I will order you a cup of tea." There was a genial confidence about Dunlop Kane when he cared to exercise it. She consciously brightened and obeyed him without demur.

Hardly half an hour had elapsed when Jeppa rang through with news, and hard on his report came a pair of others, each announcing similar success. "This is ridiculous," said Kane. "Three people can't have picked them up." But a comparison of the details proved that he conjectured wrong, for the fare had alighted twice, and the final chauffeur had deposited them at an address in Euston Road.

Kane made a gesture. He was alone in his office, and he rose to his feet with a squaring of the shoulders. He put on his hat and great coat.

"If I'm wanted by anybody," he left word, "I shan't be long." He could not face the woman with the possibility in his brain which was too hideous to express. Hailing a cab, he was driven away rapidly to the Euston Road.

He alighted outside a gloomy looking house, and, telling the driver to wait, went up the path and banged hard with the knocker. A blowzy looking female answered, after a considerable delay. She opened the door about the space of a foot.

"I want to see the nurse," said Kane distinctly, "who came in here not an hour ago in the company of a young girl."

"What nurse?" demanded the woman harshly. "I don't know no nurse. You've come to the wrong 'ouse."

She was closing the door, when Kane interposed a boot.

"If I do not see her at once," he proceeded deliberately, "I shall drive straight to Scotland Yard, and in an hour from now this house will be raided."

"Who are you?" demanded the woman, with hissing breath and glittering eyes.

"I'm a man who keeps his word, and you'll do wisely if you recognise it. Fetch that nurse immediately, and I'll settle what I have to say with her." He thrust open the door with his shoulder, and marched into the hall. She closed the door behind him, and now seemed thoroughly frightened, for she addressed him in a wheedling tone.

"Will you come in here, sir?" and she ushered him into a dingy looking sitting-room whereof the blinds were drawn, and the smell abominable. "We take in a lot o' lodgers, sir, and it may be there's a nurse amongst 'em—I don't rightly know."

"Listen," he said. "If anything has happened to that girl, I'll have you out of this hell-hole like a rat!"

He stood in the middle of the room, and the woman departed and was absent for a long time.

Suddenly the door opened, and two short and square-shouldered young men came in, both unconcerned and furtive, and inclined to be conciliatory.

"Nah, look here, guv'nor, we don't want any trouble—for your sake. You know there ain't no girl here, and we ain't what you think, so don't go giving us any trouble in ahr own house, see. You leave us alone and we'll leave you alone."

Kane spoke drily. "Vermin such as you should be stamped under heel."

"Nah, look here, are you goin' out or shall we have to put you out."

"A pastime such as this," said Kane with cold politeness, "is what I've been itching for in the last ten minutes."

They were at him as he spoke, and he cleared them away with a sweep of his arms. Then, pushing back his hat, he set to work on them mercilessly. Both were trained boxers, but he had been the heavy-weight of his school, and he combined with it a deadly rapidity worthy of Jimmy Driscoll. His clean, hard hits were like the backward lash of a horse.

He had them beaten in less than a minute, and caught them as they would have escaped, and holding them by the collar knocked their heads hard together. He footed them into a corner and then stared at his hands with an expression of dislike.

The sound of vituperation made him casually lift his head. The blowzy woman stood there, describing him tautologically. She was silenced by the nurse, who swore at her with sudden fury—then fronted Kane, her hands on her hips and with hate in her black beetling eyes.

"She's only had a cup of tea with me," she said. "Nobody's touched her. Take her, and be —— to you!"

Kane found the bewildered girl in the hall, and, tucking her hand under his arm, piloted her into the cab.

The specious narrative told her by the nurse was exposed in true colours in the company of the mother. He described the fate she had escaped in a few plain sentences. The horror in the girl's eyes was a sufficient assurance of her safety in the future.

(Another complete story next week.)

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LEG EXERCISE.

An excellent exercise for the legs is accomplished as follows:

Stand erect on a chair, or a stool without a back, if you have a sufficiently strong one handy, and extend the arms horizontally in front of you.

Now transfer all the weight to the right foot, holding the left out in front of you, and bend the right leg so that you sink slowly downwards.

The left leg must be kept quite straight all the time, but the arms may be moved slightly in order to retain the balance. The strain on the leg which bears the weight will, of course, be tremendous, for it has to maintain the balance in both directions, for you are just as likely to go over sideways as forward. Then rise, also slowly, and repeat the performance with the other leg.

The thigh and calf muscles are those which profit most, and the exercise cannot be beaten for suppling the leg joints.

Injudicious Exercise.

I am glad that Dr. Buzzard has called attention to the danger of injudicious exercise, more especially in the case of business men, who, after leading a sedentary and overworked life, for four or five days in the week, spend the week-end in violent exercises, or indulging in such nerve-wracking games as golf.

I have protested against this sort of folly more than once, and wish to protest again, prompted partly by Dr. Buzzard and partly by a correspondent.

The latter informs me that although he is an ardent follower of physical culture, he does not seem to benefit by it, and always feels tired and languid.

Then he gives the whole show away for he says: "It is not for want of perseverance that I don't get on (he means physically). I am a tradesman's assistant, and spend long hours bicycling round taking and delivering orders. I am usually very tired by night, but no matter how done up I feel I always do my exercises before going to bed, though I don't mind telling you that it is often a bit of a struggle to bring myself up to the scratch."

My dear lad, drop your evening exercises. Drop your morning ones, too, unless you wake up feeling fit and well and full of energy.

The man who is physically or mentally tired does not want to exercise either his muscles or his mind. He wants rest, or harmless, enjoyable play. Exercise or recreation that you have to force yourself to take does infinitely more harm than good.

Great harm has been done to the cause of physical development because so many people make a sort of treadmill of it, a thing to be got through as a penance.

The man who benefits by games and physical exercises is he who enjoys every moment of them and leaves off feeling that he would like to go on.

As with eating, so with exercise, begin with an "appetite" and leave off "hungry."

Walking Tips.

The man who goes walking at this time of year is liable to get a ducking. Ideally you should arrange your walk so that you return home on foot, for it does not matter how wet you get, provided you can keep moving.

This, however, is not always feasible, and at the end of your walk you may find yourself wet through, with no chance of changing, and with a fairly long railway journey before you. Here there is a distinct danger of catching a chill, if nothing worse.

Personally, before starting for a walk, I always vaseline my feet thoroughly, not only as a preventive of blisters, but as a protection against damp.

If your boots or shoes get wet through make for the nearest hostelry, take them off, and pour a little neat whisky into them. I need hardly add that a little whisky applied internally will do no harm on these occasions when you resemble a drowned rat.

If walking to a place intending to return by train it is very important to have an overcoat sent on ahead. There is no pleasure in walking in an overcoat, nor is it healthy, but you want something warm to put on at the end of your walk, or you will certainly get chilled.

Answers to Correspondents.

TROUBLED (Brompton Road).—The best remedy for a soft corn is the strong Acetic Acid—Acid .Acetic Fort. Apply every right with a small piece of wood, such as a match. Keep the toes asunder for a few minutes so that the acid may soak in and then put a small piece of cotton wool between them.

G.P. (Ealing).—The following are the recognised bath temperatures:—

Bath.	Temperature (Fahr.)
Cold	33° to 65°
Cool	65° to 75°
Temperate	75° to 85°
Tepid	85° to 92°
Warm	92° to 98°
Hot	98° to 112°

W.S. (Nottingham).—No man should play water polo who is not in the best possible physical condition.

This does not mean that he should be trained down fine. Indeed, he should generally be 4 lbs. or 5 lbs. above his lowest weight. But he must not have organic weakness anywhere.

"INTERESTED" (Hull).—Asks how many miles a forward covers in the course of a football match? I have no idea. Perhaps some reader can tell me.

A.C.R. (Acton).—At bowls the worst player of a side is usually asked to play second.

"FLUTE" (Birmingham).—Asks if it is true that flautists are very liable to consumption. Yes, and so too are all musicians who blow wind instruments.

"TEETH" (Shepherd's Bush).—Try brushing the teeth with pure vinegar and water. This will often remove tartar and thus save a visit to the dentist.

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Increase your height and increase your business value. Don't be small and insignificant, but tall and commanding. Professor Prowse can put from **two to three inches** on to your **height**, and add proportionately to your **breadth** of **shoulder**, **general health** and **business personality.** Write, enclosing two penny stamps for particulars of my simple system, **involving no special appliances, no deviation from ordinary habit,** and **no drugs.** PROFESSOR PROWSE, 3, North End Chambers, Croydon.

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THE PICK OF A BUNCH.

The Kaiser has told of a laughable incident about his son, Prince Adalbert, who journeyed from St. Moritz to meet his father at Zurich. The Prince found all the streets impassable owing to the crowds and the police, and his attempts to get through were in vain.

Finally Prince Adalbert had the brilliant idea of joining the Gymnastic Club, which was charged with the task of guarding the hotel where the Imperial visitor was staying. He shouldered his stick, and, marching along in the last rank, the Prince succeeded in entering the hotel. When he told his father how he had arrived the Emperor laughed heartily at the stratagem.

* * *

"NOT DEAD, BUT SLEEPETH."

In a town in North Wales resided an old married couple who were constantly quarrelling. On numerous occasions the husband applied to the magistrates for a separation order, but was refused owing to there being insufficient evidence that the wife had given cause for complaint.

However, one day the husband made another application, appearing in court with his head bandaged, and the order was granted.

Some time after the wife died, and was buried by her relations. They erected a tombstone, which bore the following inscription:—

Mary Jones,
Born January 18th, 1856.
Died March 20th, 1910.
"She is not dead, but sleepeth."

When the husband learnt of the death of his wife he visited the cemetery, and after reading the words on the tombstone he became so alarmed that he wrote in chalk thereunder the following words: "Then, for Heaven's sake, don't waken her."

* * *

BILL'S FREE BEER.

Two privates from different companies of the same regiment met the other morning near the canteen, which, from the fact that a monkey was kept on the counter, was popularly known among the men as the "Monkey House."

"Hello, Jack!" said the first, "you look a bit off this morning."

"Yes, Bill," replied Jack. "Got a drop too much last night. Worst of it is, I haven't got the price of a livener."

"Neither have I," replied Bill; "but I think I know how to get a couple of pints. Come in the 'Monkey House!'"

They entered the canteen, and Bill called for two pints. While the barman went to the pumps to serve them, Bill gave the monkey a clout across the head, which caused the animal to scream out.

"What was that for?" asked the barman, wrathful at seeing his pet maltreated.

"Not the first time he has done it," said Bill.

"Done what?" asked the barman.

"Why, picked up my shilling and swallowed it," replied Bill.

"Well, said the indignant barman, "why didn't you tell me before you hit the monkey. There's your two pints, and there's your sevenpence change. And don't you interfere with the monkey again."

Then the bright pair of chums picked up their pots, and, to the accompaniment of knowing winks, began to make short work of the contents.

* * *

THE BAN ON THE BAND.

There were great doings in the town when Goldstein, the pawnbroker, celebrated his silver wedding.

Bills intimating that the establishment would be closed for the day were exhibited in the shop window, and quite an army of friends was summoned to a banquet in the Market Hall.

At the last moment it was decided to engage the services of the local band, and word to that effect was sent to the bandmaster. Wearing a doleful expression, that worthy replied in person.

"You'll have to alter some of your arrangements, Mr. Goldstein," he remarked.

"Alter my arrangements! What do you mean?" blustered the loan lord.

"What I mean is this," came the reply. "You'll either have to open your shop or do without the band! The big drum is up the spout!"

* * *

SORRY HE SPOKE.

General Stopford has told a funny story of how it is possible to be taken too literally. He was the late General Sir Redvers Buller's right-hand man when he was in command at Aldershot, and on the memorable day when it was announced that General Buller had been superseded in the Aldershot command, Government House, Farnborough, was literally besieged by journalists eager to interview Sir Redvers.

It was left to General Stopford to keep the inquisitive scribes at a distance, and right well he acquitted himself. In one particular instance he was getting tired of being cross-examined as to Buller's future movements, and abruptly told one of the reporters that the General was "not in." "Do you know where he has gone? came back the question. "Oh, Australia!" was General Stopford's reply, as he turned away.

The next morning, to his amusement, he found in this particular paper a circumstantial story to the effect that General Buller had been offered, and had accepted, the command of the forces in Australia!

Since then General Stopford has said that he never makes a statement to a reporter without thinking it over carefully first

* * *

THE FAMILY HAD MOVED.

Moving day at best is one of irregularities. Oftimes it is a wise man who knoweth where he is to lay his head. These facts were illustrated recently in a billiard room by a man who had remained throughout the afternoon playing with friends. The libations to the victor had edged him up to the point that he remembered there was still a home to go to. But, where? That was the question.

"Moved somewhere in the suburbs to-day," he repeated, "but I don't know where. Got a home to go to and can't find it. My wife told me I was a nuisance, and to go off and spend the day. Now, I'll have to get the police to find her and the furniture. "He slept in the billiard room that night."

* * *

IN THE BALLROOM.

"O wad some power the giftie gie us ——."

AMUSE YOURSELF WITH OUR FREE NICE PLACE POSTCARDS.

WHEN SHORT DAYS SEEM LONGEST.

Sunshine and Mist on the Marshlands.

It is down on the marshlands of the low-lying coast and on the "moors" of the west country that the short, crisp days of early winter afford a walker most pleasure.

Indeed, wherever there are a few miles of level land over which the view is not interrupted by the barriers of hills or gently rising wooded slopes, there the rambler will find more to attract him than almost anywhere else during winter.

Sense of Openness.

For one thing—and that a not inconsiderable thing—there are all the beauty, mystery, and possibilities of mere distance. The sense of openness which one feels out in these levels is one that is never experienced in any other kind of surroundings. On the hill-top one is aloof from the rest of the world, and is often merely lonely; in the deep woods one is lost and shut away from the rest of the world.

But out on the levels, where one is still more lonely in a sense, there is yet the sign of human activity, even if this is only a trail of smoke near the horizon, marking the site of a town miles away.

Nevertheless this gives a double fascination to the place where one walks for hours without touching more closely populated areas. One can better enjoy the actual pleasure of giving the slip to life's busier scenes.

Another Attraction.

A second attraction of the moors and levels—the "moors" being the low-lying flat areas of the west—is the tremendous sweep of sky under which one walks all the day long. Out here, from the moment of his rising till his actual setting, the winter sun is visible and even felt throughout his brief course.

The absence of a broken skyline and the great distance of undulating country leave the levels in a complete and intensive stillness which never fails to impress one, and even induces a responsive calmness and quietude in the human mind. All the facts of life that distress or worry—facts connected with the town and its activity—fall away into their right proportions.

There are glimpses of more high and open sky out here than are ever obtained elsewhere, and wild life can be watched with greater success than in any other circumstances. The tiniest speck of a bird, as yet beyond range of identification by flight or note, can be watched throughout its course through the entire district. What at first may seem a faint blurr in the sky, slowly drifting as if on a lightly moving air, becomes in a minute or two a great flock of birds.

Weird and Wonderful.

They may be wild fowl making straight for some open water, miles distant, and with no eye for the most attractive alighting ground short of their purposed goal.

All the same, these birds will keep a keen look-out for possible enemies or dangers and long before you think they can have seen the mere speck in the green-grey level which is yourself, they have swerved a little to give you a wider berth. Still, they pass so near that you can hear the whirring of their wings and can tell at once what they are.

When the moor is misty it is much more than solitary. It then becomes weird and wonderful: and when the distant confines are shut out there seems no boundary to its extent. All sense of direction is easily lost, and a man who may have lived hereabouts for years is not proof against losing his way once he leaves the hard footpath or turns about in an unfamiliar field to try and take his bearings.

Happily for such as he, sound travels far out here, and often the bark of a dog a mile away will be of more use to him than all his own supposed knowledge of the lie of the land, in bringing him safely home.

When the Mists Disperse.

And when the mists disperse, giving welcome glimpses of the distance once again, the wanderer is astounded at the uselessness of his dying sense of direction.

The whole land appears to have shifted its position, and all calculations made in the obscurity of the mist are found to have been entirely wrong.

Is Balzac Immoral?

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.....

£250 PRIZE FOR FOOTBALL FORECASTS.

STOCKS AND SHARES.

BY "ORTHOS," THE FINANCIAL EDITOR

I am glad that I have been able to put some of my readers on to one or two good things again, that have brought them handsome profits in the last week.

* * *

As I have mentioned in my notes this last two or three weeks, the present is a most favourable time to buy stocks and Shares, as quotations are very low all round.

* * *

The centre of attraction the last few days has been mainly in the Underground group of the Home Railway Market, the terms of which have at last been published of the latest developments in the great traffic combination.

* * *

The Speyer group is gradually getting the whole traffic of London into its own hands. Railway and 'Buses linking up with each other as a complete service under a masterful organisation.

* * *

Metropolitans and Districts have been in good demand, and I more than ever favour the stocks of these two lines.

* * *

District Ordinary are an exceptionally attractive speculative investment for an easy two or three points rise, but they will go much further than this in the next few months.

* * *

In the last month Metropolitans have been as high as 60, so that at the present figure of about 55 they should be worth buying.

* * *

A lot of active dealing has again taken place during the week just ended in Kentish Stocks, both South Eastern Deferred and Little Chats showing big increases.

* * *

Brighton Deferred has also been well supported, and **Great Northern** Deferred are also good for a rise.

* * *

The Oil Market is in a much sounder condition now, and the majority of the good things have been on the rise, although we may naturally look for slight reactions owing to speculators taking profits.

* * *

I candidly look, however, to see Spies, Shell Transport, and Mexican Eagle shares climb much higher than the present quotations.

* * *

Little notice need be taken in the decline of last week's output of Spies Petroleum, as it is explained by repairs to certain wells for the greater part of the week.

* * *

The Rubber Market has been well supported, and a good deal of investment business has been carried through.

* * *

The prices at last week's auction sales realised an all-round advance of 2d. per lb.

* * *

Speculative favourites, like Linggi and Valambrosa, are on the rise, and Rubber Trust, the barometer of the Rubber Market, is up 2s. or 3s.

* * *

Although there has been little business doing, the mining market has developed a somewhat firmer tone, and here and there has been some good business and substantial recoveries.

* * *

Diamond shares have rallied on Paris buying.

* * *

In the Rhodesian List, Chartered have been supported, and Exploring Land and Minerals have risen 1s. per share.

* * *

Rhodesian Central Mining are still a good market, the companies' prospects are excellent, and good development work is being done at the mine.

* * *

Rhodesian Central Mining are most decidedly worth buying. At any rate, I feel I can safely recommend them to my readers, as a good speculation at about 11s. per share.

* * *

The Casey Cobalt Company is doing well, and the shares have improved in price since last week.

There has been a report of tin discoveries in the Oazi District, where the Rhodesian Central Mining property is situated.

* * *

There has been some talk in the financial papers about a strike in the district, but I advise my readers to take no notice of this talk. For even if there is any truth in the labour trouble, it is about one hundred and fifty miles distant from the Company's property.

* * *

I simply look upon it as a report to bear down the price of the shares, but you can take it from me that Casey Cobalt are good for a rise to at least £4 per share.

* * *

If you want to buy any Casey Cobalt shares I shall be pleased to give you the name of a member of the Stock Exchange who will secure them for you at the lowest possible price.

* * *

There has not been much doing in the Industrial market this past week, but the general tone has been firmer.

* * *

Amalgamated Press Shares keep very steady, and as they are full of dividend should be worth securing.

* * *

Associated Cements have risen, and those of my readers who bought them on my advice about six and a half to three-quarters should take their profit.

* * *

National Steam Cars are still on the rise, and as this Company is doing so remarkably well the shares should certainly be worth picking up.

* * *

Marconi Shares have been dull and are not worth troubling about.

* * *

Many of my readers query me as to whether there really is coal in Kent. There is absolutely no doubt whatever about this, and what is more there is plenty of it. The latest news is that Snowdown has struck its first seam of good quality.

* * *

Despite all the talk of the Burr group and the queer way of financing these coal concerns success is bound to be the ultimate result. At the same time, I hesitate to advise my readers to invest their savings in any of the Kent Coal Companies at the present time. On the other hand, the stock of the Southern Railways is most decidedly worth picking up, as these lines will benefit tremendously by the carrying of the coal. As soon as the air is more clear as regard the financial position of the various Kent Coal Companies I will advise my readers as to the particular companies that may be worth speculating or investing money in.

ORTHOS.

* * *

BRIEF REPLIES.

A.R. (Manchester).—Spies Petroleum should prove an excellent investment for your £25 at present price.

S. E. (Plymouth).—Do not deal with bucket shops. I will send you the name of a member of the Stock Exchange.

NOVICE.—The shares you mention are very speculative, and I cannot advise you to buy.

G. H. (Bolton).—Grand Trunk Third Preference would make an excellent investment for your £500.

SPECULATOR.—I cannot recommend Premier Oil or Maikop Pipe Line. Spies Petroleum or Shell Transport are the best buy for you in the Oil market. Among mines you might buy some Rhodesian Central Mining.

T. E. (Edinburgh).—I should certainly sell your Mexican Railway Ordinary and buy Districts and Grand Trunk Third Preference.

H. JONES (Lewes).—If you will send me all the papers I will see what I can do for you.

W. L. (Southampton).—I am pleased to hear you have cleared a profit. You should now buy some Rhodesian Central Mining and Spies Petroleum.

M. R. (Putney).—Do not buy Little Chats or S.E. Deferred at the moment as the stock has had a substantial rise in the last two or three days, but on any reaction of two or three points you might get in.

G. R. (Westcliff).—Do not sell your Grand Trunk Third Preference or Districts as they will go much better. For a speculation you should buy a few Rhodesian Central Mining and Spies Petroleum.

M. R. (Birmingham).—You had better send me the policy, and I will then advise you if it is all right.

THE FINANCIAL EDITOR WILL BE PLEASED TO ANSWER ANY ENQUIRY BY POST ON RECEIPT OF P.O. FOR SIXPENCE, OR BY WIRE, ONE SHILLING.

WE ALL LIKE MONEY. MAKE IT WHILE YOU CAN.

THE WEEK'S RACING.

By "The Old Hand."

One of the most remarkable features of the flat racing season of 1912 has been the success of ex-hurdlers in the more important races, a fact which rather upsets the time-worn argument that a course of jumping tends to stop a horse from showing his best form on the flat. From a backer's point of view it is rather unfortunate that they have come up with such frequency; but, personally, I have been more than pleased to see it, since I have for some years held to the view that a course of hurdling not only did a horse good, but was fully necessary if he was expected to retain his form from one season to another.

Does Hurdling Reduce Speed?

It has been argued times innumerable that to put an animal over the sticks was the surest way to reduce his speed, and thereby obviate his chance against others that had been laid by and carefully nursed during what is popularly termed the illegitimate season, but recent events have proved altogether contrary. In a week or so we shall be seeing horses like Braxted, Grammont, Saucy Vixen and Duke of Padua, to name but a few, sporting silk over the sticks, whilst there are a host of others of the same calibre that will be seen out in due course. Yet we hear on all sides that the game offers no attractions, that good horses are never seen out, and that it is not worth while troubling about.

All-round Improvement Anticipated.

That may have been quite true a year or so ago, but to-day things are altogether different, and I venture to say that although at the present time the same amount of interest is not evinced in this branch of the sport as flat racing, the time is not far distant when the game will be so attractive as to command almost as great a following as the other side.

Compared with flat racing, especially when we take into account some of the extraordinary results of the past season, I think that the backer has a big advantage, and it is surprising to me that the small punter does not follow it up to a greater extent than he does. Of the two, the "sky" game has always appealed to me far more than the other, and I have had some wonderfully good times, not only financially but in regard to my selections as well.

The one great drawback a prophet has to contend with is the fact that several animals are entered on two and sometimes as many as four days in the week, and not infrequently twice in one day; and until the actual day of the race there is a difficulty in getting to know what a horse is likely to go for.

The Advantage of our Wire Service.

It is, of course, obviously impossible for me to keep you posted up to date when I have to write so far in advance, and it may not be out of place to suggest that you should take advantage of the very cheap wire service that is run in connection with this feature. That I do not do this for my own profit goes without saying, when you come to consider the fact that the charge is only five shillings (5s.) a week. What I want to do is to try and help you to get some money out of the game, which I think I can safely promise to do. Try it!

In the meantime I select the following as likely winners, which must, of course, be subject to revision on whatever wires I may send.

BIRMINGHAM—Monday.
Guernsey Handicap Hurdle Race: HENRY WINKFIELD.
Three-Year-Old Hurdle Race: COURVOISER NAPOLEON.

BIRMINGHAM—Tuesday.
Handicap Steeplechase: GREAT PETER.
Sutton Handicap Hurdle Race: NEWGRANGE.

NEWBURY—Wednesday.
Berks Handicap Hurdle Race: BRONZEWING III.
Novices' Steeplechase: ALGY A.

NEWBURY—THURSDAY.
Cranborne Handicap Steeplechase: BALLYHACKLE.
Newbury Juvenile Hurdle Race: WAVEBERG.

KEMPTON PARK—Friday.
Kempton Park Hurdle Race: GROWLER.
Uxbridge Handicap Steeplechase: RAZORBILL.

KEMPTON PARK—Saturday.
Middlesex Steeplechase Handicap: KING OF THE SCARLETS.
Staines Handicap Hurdle Race: ABELARD II.

CORRESPONDENT'S BUREAU.

H. H. R. (Surbiton).—Thank you for your chatty and amusing letter. The gentleman you mention is no longer connected with the M.M.

In regard to your Territorial difficulty should advise you to write to the Adjutant General, the War Office, S.W.

T. W. M. (Ballymena).—See foregoing answer. Thanks for your good wishes which we heartily reciprocate.

C. P. (Martinborough, New Zealand).—Asks us to forward him by return mail as much information as possible about cycling, and how to treat a cycle.

We must refer him to the numerous cycling articles that have appeared, and are continuing to appear in the M.M., of which he says he is a constant reader. His next request, however, is more reasonable. He wishes to correspond, exchange post-cards, etc. Address to Clarence Playle, Esq., Martinborough, New Zealand.

E. L. F. (Newark).—Informs us that a friend and he are thinking seriously of emigrating to South America in the spring, and asks for information about the country.

South America, however, is a big place, and he does not tell us which part of it he intends to go to.

His best plan is to look up the list of foreign ministers and consuls in London, in Whitaker's Almanac, and to write to the representative of the precise South America he proposes to visit.

All we know is that Englishmen usually do well in the Argentine Republic.

H. A. S. (Stockton-on-Tees).—Very sorry, but we cannot help you.

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(43rd Edition.)
Stock Exchange Operations thoroughly explained, also Call Options. How to open an account with limited risk. How to avoid Broker's Commissions. Contains Highest and Lowest Sales for last 15 years. Gratis from Publishers.
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The wearing of the League Badge gives you the privilege of an introduction to other members in whatever part of the country you happen to be.

The League badge is obtainable in the following forms, and at the following prices.

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9-ct. gold tie-pin, safety-pin, or pendant ..... 6s.
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Athletic Badge for Costume ..... 1s. 6d.
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Fill up the coupon, striking out the words which do not apply, enclose it with a P.O. to cover the price of the badge you select, and post your letter to the Editor, MODERN MAN, Farringdon House, Farringdon Street, E.C. Please write the word "League" on the top left-hand corner of your envelope.

APPLICATION FORM.

Please enrol me as a Member of MODERN MAN League and forward me a Badge of Membership, for which I enclose P.O. value.....

I desire the Badge to be of 18-ct. gold, 9-ct. gold, solid silver, gold-plated; and it is to be fitted as a tie-pin, a safety-pin, a pendant for the watch-chain, a lapel or cap badge. (Strike out the words which do not apply.)

Signature.....

Address.....

.....

HAVE YOU TRIED ONE OF OUR SAFETY RAZORS?

OUR WHEELERS' COLUMN.

Cycle Notes and Bargains.

The only stipulation which is made in connection with our Free Exchange Bureau is that a reader must make his requirements known in not more than twelve words, to be written on the coupon printed below.

Please state in your letter if you prefer a box number or your address to appear in the advertisement.

A writer in a daily paper is responsible for the statement that the life of the present-day motor-cycle is a short one compared with the machines of five and six years ago, but I disagree with him, and contend that never were motor-cycles at such a pitch of excellence as they are to-day.

If by "life" the writer meant duration of time, he is partly right, but as everyone knows, the life of an engine is not judged by years but by mileage, and we therefore see that the so-called short life of the modern engine is due to its ultra efficiency.

The time the above writer referred to might be called the dark days of motor-cycling. Very few firms were manufacturing them, spare parts were hard to get, and the equipment included such things as accumulators, surface carburettors, rigid forks, twisted hide belts. No wonder that people regarded those who rode them as lunatics when to do 20 miles without a breakdown was a feat to be proud of.

High State of Efficiency.

When, however the magneto invented by Robert Bosch, was introduced it at once swept away the cause of nine out of every ten compulsory stoppages, then manufacturers and engineers grasped the possibilities of a reliable machine, with the result that from that day forward they have laboured unceasingly till they have reached the high state of efficiency of the present-day machine, on which a 200 mile week-end trip is quite an ordinary journey.

It will thus be seen that to compare a machine that can do a season's mileage of, say, 5,000 miles without any other attention than removal of carbon deposit and grinding in valves, with a machine that probably did not do the same number of miles in three seasons, is absurd, as my friend Euclid would say; and when we come to further consider the power developed and the speed obtained and maintained by modern machines, the more ridiculous does the comparison appear.

Excessive Carbon Deposit.

As everybody knows, after having run a motor cycle for about 1,000 miles, carbon deposit accumulates in the cylinder head, and on top of the piston. The symptoms of excessive carbon deposit are, overheating, loss of power, "knocking," and increased petrol consumption. The usual method of dealing with this trouble was by dismantling the engine and chipping off the deposit with a chisel, a very tedious process indeed, occupying many hours.

The Cyclean process, however, dispenses with all this. All that it is necessary to remove is the valve caps and plug. A copper jet in conection with a cylinder of compressed oxygen is introduced into the valve cap, and a moment later an ordinary gas jet.

This commences a chemical action, and in less than five minutes every trace of carbon deposit has disappeared.

* * *

MOTOR CYCLES.

A.S.L. Precision, 1912, new, accept £20 under list price.—C. Moss, 1, St. George's Mews, Primrose Hill, N.W.

Motocyclette, 2¾-h.p., twin, magneto, new back tyre and belt, £10; bargain.—Motor Box 66, "Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

CYCLES.

New Tourist, gent.'s, 24 in. frame, oil bath, 3-speed, Palmer tyres, £8.—Fuller particulars Cycle Box 32, "Modern Man" (as above).

COUPON.

Motor and Pedal Cycle Exchange.

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Name and Address _____

Readers will oblige by letting us know immediately a sale or exchange has been effected.

HEIGHT INCREASE MADE EASY.

Let the little man say what he will, he is invariably envious, in his inner mind, of his taller fellow-man. In the stalls at the theatre, he has to crane upwards, in order to see over the shoulders of the big man in the seat in front of him; and, especially if he has his intended bride with him, this irritates him more than a little.

The small sized goal-keeper, too, bewails his lack of inches when a ball hurtles over his head into the net, which a taller man would have fisted out with ease. But there is no reason why men should be short. Professor Prowse, of 3, North End Chambers, Croydon, has forwarded to us full particulars of his system of height increase. We have fully investigated it; and can safely assert that it is a remarkable one, delightfully simple, moderate in price, and devised on lines which no other physical culturist has yet exploited. No short man could do better than apply to Professor Prowse for particulars of his unique system.

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OUR THRILLING MELODRAMA.

THE OUTER MAN.

By CAPTAIN L. H. SAUNDERS.

LINEN COLLAR NOTE.

It often happens that the putting on of a new collar necessitates plenty of neck contortions in endeavouring to persuade the stud to enter the stud hole. This can be avoided if the stud holes are slightly moistened with the tip of the finger.

H. E. (Leeds) writes me a long letter on stud-fastenings for gloves which do not fasten.

For my own part, I do not like gloves with stud-fastenings; they have a nasty habit of springing open just when you least want them to.

The old fashioned button fastening is thoroughly reliable, but it is much better to have the tapes which keep the buttons in place, strengthened.

The best method of glove fastening is that in which a piece of elastic is introduced inside the wrist. This keeps the glove sufficiently close, and moreover entails no trouble in pulling on.

"WAIST" OVERCOATS.

The most popular overcoat of the season, and the most fashionable one, has been the "belt" overcoat. It is, however, becoming very common. The fashion of the coming season will undoubtedly be the "waist" overcoat, and it looks very smart, although it is advisable not to have the "waist" too pronounced or tight.

A really smart looking "waist" overcoat is the double-breasted, not very long. The colour—dark grey, and the collar—black velvet. This makes a comfortable town overcoat.

HOUSE SHOES.

House shoes are amongst the things that well-intentioned but mistaken old ladies insist upon making for their male friends. If diplomacy compels you to accept these gifts, you must bow to the inevitable; if you receive a pair every month, you will be able to keep your feet fairly comfortable when indoors, for they don't last long.

The man who has to provide his own slippers will do well to avoid those fearsome creations of carpet or worsted. Nothing is better than an old pair of dancing pumps. If they have lost their pristine smartness, and have developed a few cracks, they have also lost their tightness, and are the more comfortable.

A pair of pumps, even when old and cracked, look neat and dressy. Failing a pair of pumps, invest in a cheaper imitation of the same, but let the material be leather, and avoid those that have no heels. A man wants a pair of house slippers that are not too thin for an occasional step into the garden.

A lazy morning or evening at home is spoilt if you have to change your slippers every time you want to go out for a moment. To walk far in slippers is, of course, fatal to them, but they should be sufficiently strong to withstand the gravel of the garden walks, or the possible moisture of the lawns.

BRIEF REPLIES.

G. S. S. (Glasgow).—Frankly confesses that his proportions are such that he is nearly as broad as he is long, and asks whether at a dance he could not wear something in the nature of a dinner jacket in place of the regulation "swallow tail."

I am afraid not, G. S. S. Your best plan, my friend, is to have your evening clothes built by a first-class tailor, whose art will enable him to disguise your figure—or want of it.

R. C. F. (Halifax).—Is also on the dress suit question. As he cannot afford one every year I advise him not to go to extremes of fashions, but to have his suit cut on orthodox lines. I don't understand your query, R. C. F., about outside breast pocket. To what class of suit are you referring?

R. R. (Fulham).—Sends me the following breezy letter for which I thank him:—

"Referring to your question 'Should the master of a house raise his hat to his domestic servant on meeting her out of doors? My answer is:—If he is a MAN and a GENTLEMAN, yes, he should raise his hat, most certainly.

G. A. B. H. (Dartmouth).—Sorry cannot trace.

P. J. M. (Pychester).—(1) The situation you describe should not arise. If you are walking on the kerb side of the pavement you should be between the lady and the road. If on the wall side of the pavement, you should be between the wall and the lady. In each case you take off your hat with the hand farther away from the approaching lady, and there is no fear of your incommoding your companion. (2) If the approaching friend does not salute, take no notice of him. If, however, he is prevented from saluting by being bareheaded, he should bow or nod to you, and you should raise your hat.

Readers Sale or Exchange.

Advts. are inserted under this heading at the rate of 1d. per word, and should be sent with remittance to the Advt. Manager, Farringdon House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

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